

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

218

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs de P. L. Hanet Clery.*

*Memoirs of P. L. Hanet Clery, formerly Valet de Chambre of the Duchess D'Angoulême, and Brother of the faithful Clery, 1776—1823. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1825.*

THIS is one of those delightful light reading books that are always taken up with pleasure; it is full of anecdote, written in a slight agreeable manner, and makes us better acquainted with the various personages than works which assume a higher character; it has no pretensions to fine writing or literary embellishment; it is the plain story of a man of the world, who simply relates what he has seen and witnessed, and when we find the author a confidential servant in the royal household, we expect to find (and are not disappointed) interesting sketches of the domestic life of the unfortunate Louis and Marie Antoinette. M. Hanet paints them by their actions in private, which are the surest criterion. We admire Louis, when he shows how sensible he is to the means of improving the comforts of his people; we sympathize with him in his paternal feeling at the least idea of danger in his children; and we laugh to see him chide the carter for flogging his horses so hard, to make them draw the cart out of a rut; accept the offer of the carter's whip, to see if he can do better, overturning the cart, and then helping the man to load it again.

The queen is shown to be a tender-hearted mother and a warm friend. Hanet did not emigrate like his brother; he accepted an office under the revolutionary government, and he accordingly makes us acquainted with personages of all ranks; his life was a most chequered one, and full of interest, and such, we are persuaded, will be the sentiment of all our readers.

The family of Clery, whose original name was Hanet, (that of Clery having been adopted,) had been for about a century favorites with the kings of France, and the circumstance which rendered the immediate ancestor of the subject of these memoirs so, is too curious to be omitted:—

'It is well known that, in 1708, after the reverses of Louis XIV., some Dutch officers contrived to penetrate into France, from Courtrai, as far as Versailles. They watched for the dauphin, in hopes of getting possession of his person, and carrying him off; and they thought they had succeeded in the attempt, on the bridge of Sèvres. Having observed there a carriage with the royal arms, and being deceived by the resemblance of a young nobleman, who was in it, to that prince, they seized the person of the Marquis of Beringham, the first equerry of the king.

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As soon as the news was known, couriers were despatched upon all the roads, with the necessary orders for stopping them.

'Jean Hanet, surnamed Prevot, because he had formerly been a fencing master, was at that time attached to the royal stables, as purveyor of horses and forage. This man, who was very tall, and possessed of such strength, that he was able to break in the most powerful and vicious horses, was much protected and favoured by M. De Beringham.

'Jean Hanet learnt the mistake of the Dutch officers, in conveying off his protector. Inspired and actuated by gratitude, he obtained permission to go also as a courier, and having received his orders, he mounted one of the horses, and set out at full speed after the enemy, who had full two hours start of him. He fortunately followed the same road: he overtook them, and, having passed by them unknown, he arrived at Peronne before them. He showed his orders to the governor, who, on their arrival, ordered the gates of the town to be shut, and thus M. De Beringham recovered his liberty.

'This nobleman, on his return, informed his majesty, that his deliverance was owing to the extraordinary rapidity, with which Jean Hanet performed the journey. Struck with so strong a mark of attachment, the king wished to see so faithful and zealous a servant; and from this time he deigned to honour him with his attention.

'It is necessary here to remark, that the corpulency, strength, and agility of Jean Hanet, from whom I am descended (he was my great grandfather), have always been hereditary in his family; the members of it, at the present moment, possess the same characteristics.

'Having acquired a sufficient competency, he wished to repose from the fatigues of business. He retired into his native country, Normandy, and bought the small territory of Clery, of which he took the name, and which has remained with his descendants.

'Several of his sons followed their father's profession, and were successively attached to the royal stables. One of them, more enterprising than the rest, besides his business in horses and forage; took the lease of a farm belonging to the priory of Jardi, situated between Vaucresson and Versailles. He also had a large family. One of his sons was called Benjamin Cant Hanet.'

The parents of M. Clery were Benjamin Hanet and Marguerite Laurent, and, says our author, with his usual kind feeling and simplicity, 'without pretending to value ourselves upon the gifts of nature, I can fairly say that my father was as handsome for a

man as my mother was for a woman.' The character he gives of her beauty is illustrated by an anecdote of its having drawn forth the praises of the dauphiness, who selected her as her nurse, and had her conducted to the palace at Versailles, where she was 'acknowledged to be the most beautiful nurse that they had seen for a long time.'

'It is the custom in France, about two months before the confinement of any of the princesses of the blood royal, to select four wet-nurses out of a large number brought for examination. These four are called "the Retained," and when the child is born, one, selected from these four is charged with the care of suckling the royal infant; but the other three are still retained as a matter of precaution.'

'It is well known that Louis XIV., destined in every way to be something extraordinary, came into the world with two teeth already formed. He bit his first nurse to that degree, that she positively refused to suckle him; a second was called, to whom he did the same, and she retired much alarmed; a third shared the same fate. At last, when the fourth came, who was a beautiful, strong, and resolute country woman, they thought it right to inform her what had happened. "Well," said she, "if that be all, I have no fears. Bring me the child." He bit her the same as the rest. Upon which, setting aside, and braving all etiquette, she gave the royal child a smart slap on the bottom with the palm of her hand, he immediately began to suck, and after this she continued to nurse him without being again bitten. From hence is derived the custom of always retaining the number of four wet-nurses.'

Unfortunately for Madame Clery, she fell against the arm of a chair and knocked out two of her front teeth.

'This accident could certainly have no influence upon her health, which was in the best possible state; but etiquette was too strictly observed at the court of Louis XV. to permit a nurse who had lost two of her front teeth from suckling a royal infant.'

The father of the two Clerys was a practical farmer, who brought his sons up with a knowledge of agriculture, and he even taught them to make the implements of agriculture commonly in use.

Our author, whom we shall call Hanet, as he calls himself, in order to distinguish him from his brother, after having a good education, entered the service of the Princess de Guéménée; he speaks in the highest terms of the kindness of his elder brother.

After remaining some time in the service of the princess, Hanet became valet de chambre to madame royale. He relates a singular



circumstance which occurred to the dauphin (Louis XVII.) when about a year old.

Madame Duparc, who had the charge of the prince's food, was so imprudent as to desire the servant to make some panada, which was made of dried crumbs of bread very finely pounded; the maid, not having the marble pestle and mortar, which was always made use of for this purpose, at hand, took a bottle, and rolling it on the crumbs, bruised them in this manner. Their majesties, who never failed to be present at the prince's meals, remarked to Madame Rousseau, who fed the child, that the panada was much too hot, Madame Rousseau took a spoon to cool it; but in stirring it up she felt something hard in it. The first physician, Brunier, who was present, immediately had the panada sifted, and found in it a quantity of pounded glass.

The alarm of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette may easily be conceived, for they knew not who to suspect among all those who were about the prince; the whole responsibility of her situation flashed on Madame de Guéméné's mind; she became as pale as death, was seized with convulsions, and was carried senseless out of the apartment. Happily every thing soon came to light. Madame Duparc was interrogated about the panada, which she was supposed to have prepared herself; she frankly owned that she had given it to her servant to make. She, in her turn, was desired to show the mortar, which she ought to have made use of, and by declaring that she made use of a bottle, the enigma was soon explained. The bottle was examined, and it was discovered that in making it the air had formed globules on the surface, that these globules being broken by the pressure of the bottle on the crumbs had accidentally mixed with it. Serenity and security were re-established by this explanation. The negligence of Madame Duparc was punished by her discharge with a pension, and Madame Bay was placed in her situation.

Nothing could exceed the affection Louis XVI., and his queen, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, displayed for their infant family; and the king, in becoming a tutor, invented an instructive amusement, which has since been extensively adopted:—

The Abbé Davaux gave madame royale lessons in religion, reading, history, mythology, and geography; at the geographical lesson, particularly, the king was always present, and presided. This good father, to facilitate his daughter's improvement, in a branch of education which he knew extremely well, cut up several geographical maps which were on the table, and placed in this manner, the general division of the four quarters of the globe, and the smaller divisions of each state, in succession, before his pupil. This study, which by this means, was changed into a game, was very useful, and Madame soon became an excellent geographer. Louis XVI. was the original inventor of this manner of teaching, which has since been so generally adopted in all schools throughout France, and perhaps in every part of Europe.

The queen, on her part, taught her daughter to sew, to embroider, and all kinds of needle-work. This excellent mother taught her child to make shifts, and baby's clothes, which she made her afterwards distribute to the poor in the neighbourhood of Versailles.

Louis XVI. was ingenious as a mechanic, and on one occasion, when the queen had broken a key in a lock, he undertook to repair it, which led to an amusing circumstance.

The king had replaced the lock, and, in order to try if the key would turn well on the other side, he had gone out of the passage where I was; and as there was no light on the other side of the door, the king was in the dark. It happened that Delmas was expecting a locksmith to mend something in madam's apartment. Seeing a man with his back turned to him, who was trying a key in every possible way, he took him for the workman, went up to him, and striking him rudely on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Well, my man, you make us wait long enough."

The king opened the door, and turned round; Delmas, when he recognised his master, uttered a loud cry. The queen, who heard it in madame's room, came out, and saw poor Delmas, on the one hand, in a great fright, and on the other, the king laughing heartily, and rubbing his shoulder. He might well have said, with the Maréchal de Saxe, "and if it had been George, you need not have struck so hard." Their majesties seeing poor Delmas so frightened, consoled him with their usual kindness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Path to Naval Fame, with an Index of Nautical Terms and Phrases, respectfully dedicated to the Officers of his Majesty's Royal Navy, Marines, and Land Forces.* By HENRY BARNET GASCOIGNE, Lieutenant of the Royal Marines. 2nd Edition. With the Author's Poetic Petition to his Majesty. 8vo. pp. 126. Warwick, 1825.

In reviewing the poems of Mr. Wolfe, we have observed that to an accidental circumstance the public generally is indebted for a knowledge of them and their author; accident, indeed, does much, and we wonder some bard has not made it the subject of a poem: within the last few days, we have seen that an old woman, dropping down at the door of a bank in Mansion House Street, brought a run on the bank for several days, and we might go on enumerating similar proofs of its effects, which would show that it has more influence in the affairs of this world than design, did we not know 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.'

No accident, however, has occurred hitherto to bring the works of Lieut. Gascoigne under critical notice, although he is a prolific writer. We have before us a list of eight works he has written, all of which are published, recited, and sold by the author, at Emma's Cottage, Emscote Road, Warwick, and wherever Hope may lead him.

The Path to Naval Fame was, we understand, written in 1805, under the title of The Cruise, but another work appearing before it,

the title was changed to The Path to Naval Fame, under which name it was published: but, although the edition was sold, the proceeds, owing to the death or failure of the bookseller, never reached the author's pocket. The new edition contains several additions. The incidents are principally founded on facts, and we half suspect that the author is the hero of his tale. The work is strictly moral, and Lieut. Gascoigne combines love and loyalty with a description of naval scenes and adventures. That Lieut. Gascoigne is an amiable man is evident from his writings, which are directed to a meritorious object, that of inculcating a love of our country, and of a profession which is its proudest glory and defence. As a specimen of our author's abilities, we quote his concluding address, which is a sort of record of the great naval heroes of the late war:—

'Ye youths! who fain would naval duties learn;

Comrades of old! who for employment burn;  
Ye naval men! who weather'd out each storm,  
And brav'd grim death in each terrific form;  
Ye gallant soldiers of the British line!  
Whose glorious deeds in brightest annals shine;

Ye worthy Britons! who in calm repose,  
Enjoy the peace which from their conquests flows;

As here the labours of the nautic muse,  
Describe a frigate on a western cruise;  
From past experience her advice to give,  
And bid the path to naval honours live;  
If now assisted by a friendly gale,  
And due encouragement at length should hail,  
To higher flights her energies aspire,  
And higher themes awake her nautic lyre.

To mark the rise and progress of the flame  
Which forms the basis of our naval fame.  
When ancient Britons first row'd round their shore,

And stones and arrows form'd their naval store.  
To mark the change when first the cannon roar'd

From clumsy barks, with shot of marble stor'd:  
A change as great in warfare we may deem,  
As though we now should learn to fight by steam.

To mark the progress of the nautic art,  
Who first, by compass, dar'd from land depart;  
Till our brave Drake the British flag unfurl'd  
In ev'ry clime, and sail'd around the world.

To take a leaf from the historic page,  
And show the rising spirit of the age;  
When Drake and Howard, Spain's armada beat,

And made the world respect a British fleet.  
How, with few hands, by storm, our gallant Rooke

Surpris'd the dons, and thus Gibraltar took.  
For Porto Bello and intrinsic worth,  
The honest Vernon still must live on earth.

To show great Anson's persevering mind,  
Through loss of health and evil pow'rs combin'd;

How his brave soul could ev'ry ill suppress,  
And gain'd reward by meriting success.

To count the victories by Rodney gain'd,  
And Dogger Bank by Parker brave obtain'd.

To tell of Howe, the glorious first of June;  
And then in turn her willing harp attune,

To sing of Jervis, all his triumphs show,  
And how St. Vincent bade our welfare flow.

Of gallant Duncan and his faithful fleet,  
The muse must sing, who did the Dutch defeat.



Of active Warren, and his squadron light,  
The muse will speak with glee and high delight.

Nor must Sir Sidney Smith be here forgot,  
To whom fate gave the enviable lot,  
On Egypt's shore, to give the first defeat  
To Bonaparte, and make him know retreat.

But how shall verse in nautic strains relate,  
A Nelson's glories and a Nelson's fate!

—Oh, yes! there's inspiration in the thought,  
That though she never under Nelson fought;  
And lost the glory of Trafalgar's day,  
Though near the fleet upon her forward way,  
The rising dawn which did succeed the fight,  
Gave her, a grand, and oh! a glorious sight;  
The British fleet in safety from the gale,  
O'er whose experience it could not prevail;  
While far around the ships of France and Spain

Lay conquer'd logs upon the boist'rous main.—  
The hearty Strachan well will grace the book,

Who the four runners from Trafalgar took;  
And pleas'd John Bull, to hear with what delight

He met the foe, and won the equal fight.

For gallant Saumer's must a page be found,  
On Gib's old rock with naval honours crown'd;  
Which pleasing scene the muse delighted saw,  
And inspiration from the thought must draw.

For old Marengo and the tight Belle Poule,  
A useful lesson in our naval school,  
Sir Harry Burrard Neale must have a place,  
Though all the squadron to the foe gave chase.  
These are the themes which now the muse

inspire,  
With bolder notes to strike her nautic lyre;  
For acts of valour to reserve a place,  
And bid great deeds an epic poem grace;  
In single actions to declare each name  
Which gave a laurel to our naval fame:  
Thus in the cause, the youthful breast to fire,  
And move the son to imitate the sire.

From another little work, which the author  
calls *The Author's Present* from his Cot and Stall, we quote the following playful address:

‘TO VISITORS

AT WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON.

‘The great authors of old,  
As the story is told,  
Compos'd and repeated their verse;  
And the good people all  
Came around at their call,  
To listen and add to their purse.

‘But in these alter'd days,  
Though an author gains praise,  
He may starve while he usefully writes;  
He must publish and print,  
And pay others to hint,  
Who reap while the author endites.

‘You have heard, one and all,  
Of the author's snug stall,  
If not, I invite you to look;  
Here sit at your ease,  
Read my scrolls if you please,  
And buy of the author a book.

‘As a walk, it's not far;  
With horse, gig, or car,  
An airing with four or a pair;  
A short call by the way.

When a visit you pay,  
Or to Warwick's old castle repair.

‘Sometimes I repeat,  
And would fain sell each sheet,  
By waiting upon you myself;  
Your favours I ask,  
To get through the task,  
That my wares may not stick on the shelf.’

*Sketches of Corsica.* By ROBERT BENSON.  
M. A. 8vo. London, 1825. Longman  
and Co.

THIS is a light and agreeable volume on Corsica, a place which will for ever be celebrated on account of its giving birth to Napoleon Buonaparte. The author, who visited Corsica two or three years ago, on business, has sketched, in a lively manner, not only many of his adventures, but an historical account of the island. The Corsican dialect, for it is not a distinct language, is a sort of mixture of Tuscan, Sicilian, Sardinian, French and Genoese. Of Corsican customs, we are told:—

‘The Corsicans have many curious customs. The Baron de Beaumont says, “Having wandered one evening, accompanied by a native, I wished to enter a cabin which was difficult of access. The discharge of my companion's musket announced our presence. Immediately a shepherd presented himself to us, also armed with a gun; we parleyed, and then were admitted into his dwelling.” This mode of visiting of course requires good nerves.

‘The next custom which I am going to mention is not so common as formerly, although it does not seem to be entirely out of date:—

‘Mothers of families, whose husbands have been assassinated, preserve the dress of the deceased until their children grow up to manhood, and then show them the clothes tinged with the blood of their fathers, and exhort them to vengeance; and in dispute with others, the latter taunt them if they have not revenged themselves. “Thus,” adds M. Agostini, “these unhappy children have no other alternative than to live dishonoured, or to destroy the murderers of their parents, and they rush headlong into crime.”

‘The moresca, a sort of mock-fight, is a very favourite spectacle of the Corsicans, and attracts the inhabitants from all parts of the island. In this exhibition, there are challenges, single combats, and a general battle, which ends with the defeat of the party representing the enemy of the nation.

‘The long courtships that generally precede the marriages of a more civilized people are here unknown; neither is the bridegroom the first proposer of the union.

‘The day of marriage of young persons is one of great festivity. In the evening the bride is conducted to the house of her husband, amidst the music of violins etcetera, whilst the attendants sing a sort of gratulatory epithalamium. The husband comes out of his house at the sound of the music, and, amidst the discharge of muskets, receives the company with cordiality; offering honey, fruits, wine, and other things, for their refreshment. When the married couple are advanced in years, so that the union is not likely to be fruitful, the Corsicans conduct themselves in a totally different manner. Instead of approaching the bridegroom's house with instruments of music, they come then with spades, horns, discordant bells, and make a frightful *charivari*; thus denoting their disapprobation of a marriage which cannot fulfil one of the chief ends for which it was destined.

‘The bridegroom so circumstanced bears this affront with good grace, since the custom is very ancient.’

Corsica does not seem to have made much progress in internal improvement or the facilities of intercourse:—

‘The prefect is frequently forced to wait seventeen days for an answer to a letter directed to a distant commune; and it sometimes happens that several months elapse before a commune can obtain permission to remove a nuisance or remedy a trifling defect in any public work. An instance of this crying evil is afforded me by the sub-prefect of the arrondissement of Calvi. A village fountain was out of order, and five francs would have paid the expense of its reparation; but it was necessary to proceed regularly in this matter. The mayor of the commune writes to the sub-prefect of the arrondissement for permission to convene a municipal council. The sub-prefect transmits the request to the prefect, the latter acquaints the sub-prefect that he authorizes the meeting of the council; the sub-prefect transmits this authority to the mayor, the mayor convokes the council, who vote accordingly. The *procès verbal* of their deliberation is sent to the mayor, and by him to the sub-prefect, who *provisionally* approves of it, and he transmits it to the prefect. The prefect having given his *definite* approbation, sends back the *procès verbal* to the sub-prefect, who transmits it to the mayor, charging him to cause an estimate to be made of the expenses. The estimate is subjected to the same forms, and afterwards the particulars of the rate to be levied on the inhabitants of the commune. If these are approved of, the prefect, in the same circuitous mode as before, directs the mayor to proceed to adjudication. Of this another *procès verbal* is made, and, after a fresh *provisional* approbation of the sub-prefect, and another *definitive* approbation by the prefect, the mayor gives the necessary orders for the fountain to be mended. Soon after the commencement of this long correspondence, the spring ceased to flow, and the commune was without water while twenty letters, two *procès verbaux*, an estimate, and a rate, travelled successively over the island. A royal ordinance has lately, in some measure, remedied this sort of evil in Corsica, but still the power of the sub-prefect and mayors of the island is so circumscribed, that they can scarcely do anything without a prior correspondence with the prefect.’

We shall conclude with an anecdote of Bonaparte's mother and his hat:—

‘Madame Mère, we are informed, was always penurious. When Captain ——— was at the military college at Paris, during the consulate of Napoleon, Madame Bonaparte used to invite him, as a relative, to her own house. On one of those occasions, as he was returning to the college, she made the young man the handsome present of six francs. I have this from his own lips. Amongst other curiosities I saw the hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz: it was exceedingly light, and of his peculiar shape; the rim of the fore part was a little torn, as if by a bullet.’



*Catherine de Medicis, a Tragedy; Ethelwold and Elfrida, a Poem; James the Third, King of Scotland, a Tragedy.* By WILLIAM WOODLEY, Esq. 8vo. pp. 215. London, 1825. Hatchard and Son.

ALL authors, we believe, endeavour to put their best foot foremost in a preface, when they introduce one; if, however, Mr. Woodley intended this, he has failed, for his preface is the worst thing he has done, and is affected and ridiculous. In his tragedies, the titles of which will suggest the stories on which they are founded, he displays more poetic talent than knowledge of the drama; some of the scenes, however, are very spirited. From the tragedy of Catherine de Medicis, we quote part of a scene between Condé and Isabella de Lemeuil, although it is on the stale subject of love or jealousy:—

*Enter Isabella.* The Duke of Anjou does me wilful wrong,

In prosecuting thus a hateful suit,  
Urged by his mother, to engage my heart;  
By proffering love he wearies me to death,  
And wakes suspicion in my Condé's breast.

*Condé.* Ha! didst thou speak of me. I thought

That Anjou's duke—

*Isa.* My lord!

*Con.* Spare your speech, madam,  
For I could see full plainly with these eyes  
Your lips meet his—the Duke of Anjou's, madam!

*Isa.* I pr'ythee, dear my lord, don't rashly hold

Opinion that I ever wrong'd your lips.

*Con.* My lips, madam! I thought that modest love

Had banish'd wanton and impure desire.—  
That you were virtuous, chaste, and good.  
My lips, madam! have you ne'er wronged my bed?

*Isa.* What wicked slander hath inform'd you so?

*Con.* How could thy bosom entertain a thought

To do me such irreparable wrong?

What madness moved thee to dishonour me,  
Who always used thee with such kind regard?

*Isa.* Dishonour thee, my lord! thou dost thyself

Dishonour; for, in thus suspecting me,  
Where proof is wanting to elicit fact,  
Thou show'st, by thy too blind credulity,  
An easy bias to some artful slur;  
Losing a glorious fame in the possessing  
A virtuous love, which ceases to be worth  
When it begins to be suspected,—  
By woman never prized, but as she is  
By man relied on, and by self approved.

*Con.* Have I not reason, after what I've seen,  
To doubt, distrust, and be alarmed for fame?  
No cause for my belief! when I have heard—

*Isa.* Some poisonous coward has abus'd  
thine ear,

And stung thy virtue with toad-spotted tongue  
Of an unheard-of slander.—Bring him forth,  
The base licentious villain, to my face,  
And I will prove the virtue of my heart,  
Which, like a mirror, shall reflect his guilt,  
And baffle calumny.

*Con. (aside)* Oh! how like a gleam of light  
The blush of innocence glow'd upon her cheek!  
Such is the quick surprise of fearful modesty;  
Such the start of virtue.

(*To Isabella.*) Declaiming loudly is no proof for me.

*Isa.* My lord, I have some reason to be loud,  
When accusations of pernicious sort  
Are current in the world to blast my fame.  
A pool will mantle at a gust of wind,  
E'en so a woman's temper, if men taint  
Her name by scandal, lavish'd without proof.

This extract affords a fair specimen of Mr. Woodley's talents.

*Historical Notices of the Collegiate Church of St. Martin-le-Grand.* By ALFRED JOHN KEMPE.

(Concluded from p. 808).

IN our last chronicle, we gave a general review of this work, and quoted an interesting notice on the subject of sanctuary, a privilege for which this place was anciently, like many others, celebrated. Mr. Kempe is rather faulty in his arrangements, which is, however, the only fault we have to find with him. In the course of his work, he gives various interesting notices, historical, antiquarian, and biographical; the following, relates to Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, who in 1077, was Dean of St. Martins;—

'Roger was originally the priest of a small chapel in the vicinity of Caen, in Normandy.

'Prince Henry, the third son of William the Conqueror, accompanied by a party of attendant knights, chanced to enter this chapel. The politic churchman considering, perhaps, the rank of his auditors, and knowing the natural ardour and impatience of youth, performed the mass with such wonderful and accommodating rapidity, that he finished before his hearers suspected he had well begun.

'Prayer, and the offices of religion, in these barbarous ages, appear to have been considered as a kind of expiatory tribute for all sorts of offences, and, provided that were duly paid, a license for their indulgence.

'The promptitude of Roger delighted the whole party, who declared that no better chaplain could be found for men whose profession was arms; and Henry, perhaps conceiving that it might be well applied to other matters, took him into his service as a domestic chaplain, and on his accession to the throne of England, admitted him to the highest influence and offices in the state.'

'Roger employed his influence in the promotion of his relatives and friends. For his reputed son, Roger, surnamed, says Godwin, *de Paupere-censu*, he procured the office of chancellor; his nephew Alexander was elected bishop of Ely; his nephew Nigel bishop of Lincoln.'

Roger of Salisbury, after swearing fealty to the Empress Matilda, broke his oath, and assisted to raise Stephen to the throne; he, however, afterwards became suspected by the king of favouring the claims of Matilda, and it was, therefore, resolved to subject him and his adherents to personal restraint.

'For this purpose the bishop with his son and nephews were summoned to a council at Oxford. The Bishop of Ely, aware of the ultimate end of this mandate, declined to comply with it, and shut himself up in the castle of Devizes. The Bishop of Salisbury attended, as did Roger de Paupere-censu, and the Bishop of Lincoln. The wily prelate of Salisbury went, it appears, no willing guest.

Malmesbury, (with that circumstantial particularity so charming in ancient historians contemporary with the period on which they treat,) says, he heard him utter, previously to his setting out, the following significant, though somewhat hypocritical, exclamation, "By my Lady St. Mary, I know not why, but my heart revolts at this journey: this I am sure of, that I shall be of much the same service at court as a foal is in battle."

'There, either by accident or preconceived design, a quarrel took place between the servants of the bishops and those of Alan Earl of Bretagne, relative to a right of quarters; which had a melancholy termination, as the Bishop of Salisbury's retainers, then sitting at table, left their meal unfinished, and rushed to the contest. At first they contended with reproaches, afterwards with swords; the domestics of Alan were put to flight, and his nephew nearly killed; nor was the victory gained without bloodshed on the bishop's side, for many were wounded and one knight even slain. This violation of the peace and sanctity of the king's court was a high offence; the king demanded of the bishops the keys of their castles, as pledges of their fidelity to him; and, on their hesitating to comply, ordered them into close confinement.

'They soon, however, consented to yield up their castles of Sarum, Sherborne, and Malmesbury to the king. But Ely still holding out in Devizes, which his uncle had made the strongest fortress in England, Stephen repaired to the siege of it, taking with him his two prisoners, and erecting a gallows before the fortress, threatened instantly to hang Roger the chancellor, whose life, as a civilian, he could take away without sacrilege; and whose person, by the same consideration, he had laden with chains. The unfortunate Roger was forced to ascend the ladder, and the halter was applied to his neck; when the bishop, urged by the ties of nature, earnestly implored Stephen but to spare the life of his son; and, to prove he had no collusion with his nephew, who so obstinately held out, he would himself remain without sustenance until the castle should yield. On the third day of his uncle's fast, the nephew surrendered, and the immense treasures which were found in the castle, plate, jewels, with 30,000 marks in money, became the spoil of the offended monarch.

The king was, however, afterwards obliged to make some concessions, including restitution to the church of St. Martin. In the midst of the disorders which prevailed, the life of Roger, bishop of Salisbury and dean of St. Martin, had its close:—

'Worldly disappointment produced such an effect on him, who had built his happiness on the sandy foundation of temporal prosperity, that he fell into a quartan ague, and receiving the news that the residue of his treasures and plate, which he had devoted to the completion of his cathedral church, and had placed as for sanctuary on the very table of its altar, was carried off, he fell into the ravings of frenzy, and in that miserable state expired on the 11th of December, 1139.'

The privilege of sanctuary at St. Martin's, as all such privileges were, was much abused,

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and in the reign of Edward VI. it became much exposed. In this reign,

'Whilst a soldier, confined in Newgate for some offence, was being conducted to Guildhall in the custody of an officer of the city, in passing the south gate of St. Martin's Sanctuary, which faced Newgate Street, some of his comrades rushed out of a neighbouring street, rescued him from the officer, and fled with him to the holy ground. The sheriffs, justly indignant at so barefaced an outrage, repaired to the collegiate church, attended by a host of the gazing and expectant multitude, and demanded their prisoner, with his daring accomplices, of the commissary or officer in charge of the place. On his refusal to give them up, the sheriffs boldly seized on them all, and committed them to safe keeping.

'This was a severe blow to our foundation, as it struck at the very root of their long used but unsalutary franchise. The canons who were present immediately preferred a circumstantial complaint to their dean.'

'Cawdray, the dean, was at Cambridge when he received this letter, and immediately set forward to London, in order to assert the liberties of his deanery; he applied to the sheriffs for restitution of the offenders to sanctuary, and on their refusal complained to the mayor and aldermen, who appointed him a hearing in their presence, within five days.'

The mayor and city made a strong stand against the king and the church on this occasion, and the sheriffs made a good defence:

'Descending to particulars, they further said, that a part of the precinct of St. Martin's was, in the time of Edward the Second, a common way (*venella*) lying in the parish of St. Leonard's, and leading from St. Vedast's church to that of St. Nicholas at the Shambles; that this lane becoming the nightly resort of ruffians, at the instance of the dean, and by consent of the city, it was stopped up and enclosed; the king, by his brief, directing inquisition to be made by a jury, which found that the enclosure would not be to the prejudice of the city.

'That in the 5th year of the same monarch's reign, Roger de Seyton and his associates, justices itinerant, commanded the mayor and citizens diligently to inquire what churches, chapels, and colleges, *within* the city were of the advowson, presentation, or donation of the king, when they found that this of St. Martin was one. The same precept was issued in the 14th of Edward the Second by Henry de Stanton, justice itinerant, and his associates. That the jury of inquisition then presented a certain solar or overhanging loft, adjoining to the church of St. Martin's, which was three feet too low, to the annoyance of the passengers in the public lane; Richard de Elsefield, the dean, attended and cheerfully promised that the nuisance should be corrected.

'They then proceeded to enumerate several murders which had taken place in and near the precinct, the perpetrators of which had taken sanctuary; that the parties were brought before the sheriffs and coroner, and on their refusing to throw themselves on the

laws of their country, the latter made their return accordingly, which was deposited according to custom, within the treasury of the city.

'Some of these cases are so atrocious, and show so strikingly the abuses of sanctuary, that it may be well to particularize them:—

'In the 2nd of the reign of Edward the Second, Robert Stody murdered a woman, took sanctuary in St. Martin's, and afterwards made his escape.

'In the 6th of Edward the Third, John Frowe, of Lincoln, on account of an old grudge, dogged Robert Dodmerton, a mason, with a drawn dagger in his hand, and when near the gate of St. Martin's, stabbed him mortally in the neck, and immediately took sanctuary in the precinct.

'In the 16th of the above-mentioned reign, Lullay, a butcher of Cambridge, stabbed one Burgess in the highway, before St. Martin's college, and claimed the same immunity.

'The advocates of the city added, that as the mayor and sheriffs of London had of custom, from all time, enjoyed the privilege of returning, *in writing*, the process and record of all causes brought before them in the court of Hustings, to the king or any of his justices without the city, they, on the other hand, were always accustomed to return the same *ore tenus*, or by word of mouth, before the king's justices sitting at St. Martin's, as being a place within the city.

'That various persons who had committed spoiliations and felonies within the precinct in the reign of Henry V. were apprehended, tried before the mayor and justices of the king, and outlawed. That in the first of the last mentioned king, a certain deep passage, in which ruffians assembled to perpetrate their predatory exploits, was thrown down, and laid open by the officers of the city.'

Among other abuses—

'Numerous fabricators of counterfeit plate and jewels sought immunity for their fraudulent trade within the walls of St. Martin's. Long after the dissolution of religious houses and suppression of sanctuaries, they appear to have kept their stand on this privileged ground. The manufacture of St. Martin's became a proverbial expression for counterfeit ware; and continued so even in the seventeenth century, as may be seen from the lines of that great master of wit and satire, Butler:—

" 'Tis not those paltry counterfeits,  
French stones which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds that inspire,  
And set your am'rous hearts on fire.  
Nor can those false *St. Martin's beads*,  
Which on our lips you place for reds,  
And make us wear like Indian dames,  
Add fuel to your scorching flames,  
But those, true rubies of the rock,  
Which in our cabinets we lock."

'In the year 1447 the goldsmiths of London endeavoured to extend their right of search and condemnation of counterfeit plate to the precinct of our church; and it is stated, that on the 14th of March, Thomas Ryner, John Randon, and other goldsmiths of London, "repaired to St. Martin's, and against the privileges of the place, searched the goldsmiths' shops in the sanctuary, taking from

them such work "longing to the crafts as them liked."

The zeal of Mr. Kempe carries him a little too far in his praise of institutions like that of St. Martin le Grand, particularly when he prefers the tyranny of the court of Rome to that of Henry VIII.; his work is, however, an interesting one, and its value is enhanced by some engravings connected with this ancient edifice.

*Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, A. B. with a Brief Memoir of his Life.* By the REV. JOHN RUSSELL, A. M. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 552. Dublin, 1825.

To the accidental circumstance of Captain Medwin attributing an elegy on the death of Sir John Moore, which was written by Mr. Wolfe, to a wrong person, we are indebted for these volumes and the knowledge of an author, who seemed 'born to blush unseen,' so far as relates to the public, although he had admirers among his friends and the students of Trinity College, Dublin. With regard to the elegy in question we certainly think it has been overpraised, and that Mr. Wolfe has furnished much better claims to popularity as a poet in the *Remains* now published.

Mr. Wolfe was a young, enthusiastic, warm-hearted Irish clergyman, whose claims on the score of talents and piety were so much neglected, that it was not until he had reached the age of twenty-six that he got a benefice, and that a wretched curacy in the north of Ireland—a country where the wealth of the Protestant clergy is so immense. The life of a modest man of retired habits, like Mr. Wolfe, presents little interest, on account of its furnishing so little incident or anecdote, we shall, therefore, so far as relates to himself, only state a few particulars.

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq. of Blackhall, in the County of Kildare; he was born in Dublin, December 14, 1791; his father dying when he was young, the family removed to England, where Charles received his principal education. He greatly distinguished himself in classical learning, and gave early promise of genius before he entered the university of Dublin, which was not until the year 1809. In 1817 he took orders, and successively became curate of Ballyclog in Tyrone, and Caulfield, a village in the parish of Donoughmore—no very enviable situation, if the following picture of an Irish curacy be correct:

'He seldom thought of providing a regular meal; and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books; a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda; and two trunks containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet, in which he slept, were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour, was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disband-ed soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood



of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil.

The zeal he manifested in discharging his church duties brought on indisposition, and in 1822 little hopes were entertained of his recovery. In that year—

‘About the end of November, it was thought advisable, as the last remaining hope, that he should guard against the severity of the winter, by removing to the Cove of Cork, which, by its peculiar situation, is sheltered on all sides from the harsh and prevailing winds. Thither he was accompanied by the writer, and a near relative, to whom he was fondly attached. For a short time he appeared to revive a little, and sometimes entered into conversation with almost his usual animation; but the first unfavourable change of weather shattered his remaining strength: his cough now became nearly incessant, and a distressing languor weighed down his frame. In this state he continued until the 21st of February, 1823, upon the morning of which day he expired, in the 32nd year of his age.’

‘During the last few days of his life, when his sufferings became more distressing, his constant expression was, “This light affliction—this light affliction!”—and, when the awful crisis drew near, he still maintained the same sweet spirit of resignation. Even then, he showed an instance of that thoughtful benevolence—that amiable tenderness of feeling which formed a striking trait in his character. He expressed much anxiety about the accommodation of an attendant who was sleeping in the adjoining room, and gave even minute directions respecting it.

‘On going to bed he felt very drowsy, and soon after the stupor of death began to creep over him. He began to pray for all his dearest friends individually; but, his voice faltering, he could only say, “God bless them all!”—“The peace of God and of Jesus Christ overshadow them—dwell in them—reign in them!”—“My peace,” said he, addressing his sister, “(the peace I now feel) be with you!”—“Thou, O God! will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.” His speech again began to fail, and he fell into a slumber; but, whenever his senses were recalled, he returned to prayer. He repeated part of the Lord’s prayer, but was unable to proceed; and at last, with a composure scarcely credible at such a moment, he whispered to the dear relative who hung over his death-bed, “Close this eye—the other is closed already—and now, farewell!” Then, having again uttered part of the Lord’s prayer, he fell asleep.—“He is not dead, but sleepeth.”’

Of his poetical talents, which were of a high order, we subjoin two songs; they will speak for themselves:—

‘SONG.

‘Air—*Gramachree*.

‘If I had thought thou could’st have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou could’st mortal be,

It never through my mind had past,  
The time would e’er be o’er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should’st smile no more!

‘And still upon that face I look,  
And think ’twill smile again!  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak—thou dost not say,  
What thou ne’er left’st unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

‘If thou would’st stay, e’en as thou art,  
All cold, and all serene—  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e’en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own,  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

‘I do not think, where’er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking too of thee;  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,  
Of light ne’er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!’

‘SONG.

‘Go, forget me—why should sorrow  
O’er that brow a shadow fling!  
Go, forget me—and to-morrow  
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.  
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;  
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:  
May thy soul with pleasure shine  
Lasting as the gloom of mine.  
Go, forget me, &c.

‘Like the sun, thy presence glowing,  
Clothes the meanest things in light;  
And when thou, like him, art going,  
Loveliest objects fade in night.  
All things look’d so bright about thee,  
That they nothing seem without thee,  
By that pure and lucid mind  
Earthly things were too refined.  
Like the sun, &c.

‘Go, thou vision wildly gleaming,  
Softly on my soul that fell;  
Go, for me no longer beaming—  
Hope and beauty; fare ye well!  
Go, and all that once delighted  
Take, and leave me all benighted;  
Glory’s burning—generous swell,  
Fancy and the poet’s shell.  
Go, thou vision, &c.’

‘THE FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

‘I must tune up my harp’s broken string,  
For the fair has commanded the strain,  
But yet such a theme will I sing,  
That I think she’ll not ask me again:  
‘For, I’ll tell her,—Youth’s blossom is blown;  
And that beauty, the flower, must fade,  
(And, sure, if a lady can frown,  
She’ll frown at the words I have said.)  
‘The smiles of the rose-bud how fleet!  
They come—and as quickly they fly;  
The violet how modest and sweet,—  
Yet the spring sees it open and die.

‘How snow white the lily appears,  
Yet the life of a lily’s a day:  
And the snow that it equals, in tears  
To-morrow must vanish away.

‘Ah, beauty! of all things on earth  
How many thy charms most desire,  
Yet beauty with youth has its birth,—  
And beauty with youth must expire.

‘Ah, fair ones! so sad is the tale,  
That my song in my sorrow I steep;  
And where I intended to rail,  
I must lay down my harp, and must weep.  
‘But Virtue indignantly seized  
The harp as it fell from my hand;  
Serene was her look, though displeased,  
As she utter’d her awful command.  
‘Thy tears and thy pity employ  
For the thoughtless, the giddy, the vain,—  
But those who my blessings enjoy,  
Thy tears and thy pity disdain.  
‘For beauty alone ne’er bestowed  
Such a charm as religion has lent;  
And the cheek of a belle never glow’d  
With a smile like the smile of content.  
‘Time’s hand, and the pestilence-rage,  
No hue, no complexion can brave;  
For beauty must yield to old age,  
But I will not yield to the grave.’

*The Complete Governess; a Course of Mental Instruction for Ladies: with a Notice of the Principal Female Accomplishments. Intended to facilitate the Business of Public Establishments, and abridge the Labour of Private Education. By an Experienced Teacher. 8vo. pp. 491. London, 1826.*

It was so long the custom to consider female education a matter of trivial importance, that we need not wonder, even when its necessity is admitted, if the best system for carrying it into effect, should not be discovered or adopted. That there has been much improvement in school-books, cannot be denied; but there is still room for much more, and the author of the work before us, is not far wrong, when he divides the existing school books into two classes—the pedantic and the silly.

The object of the *Complete Governess*, which we have taken up too late in the week to attempt to analyse, is, to describe in plain language, the leading principles of those subjects, the ordinary books upon which are, from their great size and learned appearance, rather repulsive than inviting. The author commences with describing the imperfection of school books, particularly those for ladies, and the neglect of female education. He then proceeds to give a course of instruction, leading the pupil through grammar, history, arithmetic, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geography, botany, zoology, &c., and concluding with a chapter on accomplishments. Thus, it will be seen, that in addition to general instruction on female education, the work contains a series of elementary treatises; it is generally well written, and cannot fail of proving a valuable guide to teachers, and an essential aid to pupils. On the subject of female education, the author, in the introduction, says:—

‘The great point at which female education should aim, is the communicating to ladies as much of the general principles of knowledge as shall make it not rude to talk to them upon any ordinary subject of a literary or scientific nature, and also enable them to conduct the education of their whole families when very young, and that of the female part altogether, or to be perfectly able to estimate the manner in which these are done, according to circumstances. This, considering only

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the political economy of the mother, is the grand result; but the effects are not less valuable and happy as regards the lady herself: for, though it is not desirable that females should have to buffet [with] the evils of the world, yet, as no one can tell what may lie even in the short road of human life, it is neither just nor safe to leave woman in so helpless and unprovided a state, as that she shall not be able to meet and to triumph over those evils in case they should be her lot. The resources of human nature are not so many that one half of the species should be shut out from any of them, and more especially from those which, being mental, are not liable to be destroyed by accidents and contingencies.

It has already been said, that there is herein no disposition whatever to quarrel with or to undervalue, those external accomplishments which at present form so large a portion of female education. Let them still play, and sing, and dance, and paint, to their heart's content; but let them at the same time know, that there are other acquirements, more valuable because more permanent than these. So far as these go they are delightful; and the world is all the better for them; but still they are only externals, mere arts, which while they please the senses for a moment, occupy not the mind, and inform not the judgment. Wherever females, however, have had a fair trial, they have rewarded the cultivation in the most abundant manner; and that alone would be decisive of the matter.

Considering a great part of the present system, one cannot help observing, that ladies are educated, not as if they were one day to be women, but as if they were always to remain girls. It is singular that this should be the case; and perhaps some would be disposed to account for the singularity by a theory not over flattering to those to whom female education is intrusted—namely, a desire that the pupils shall shine in the little convent of the school—a convent, the conduct, discipline, and employment of which are certainly not exactly like what is met with in the world. Whether this be or be not in reality the case, it begins in many instances to be acted upon; the number of ladies who instruct their daughters, and of elder sisters who instruct the younger ones, being increasing every day. Whatever interested persons may think of this practice, nothing can be more commendable; and not the least argument in its favour is, that the ladies who have adopted it have felt, or at least shown, no abatement either in their rational amusements, or inattention to their domestic concerns.

Those who are advocates of this domestic education, find other arguments in its favour than the delightful occupation that it affords to those that are engaged in it; but as these arguments are susceptible of being construed into charges against those who profess to educate ladies publicly, and who earn their bread by that profession, it would not be seemly to detail them at length, because, whatever may be the imperfections of the whole system, and the positive mischief in some instances, it were pity to repeat accusations which tend to throw suspicion upon the important profession of teachers. As society is constituted,

there must always be many neither able nor willing to dispense with those establishments; and imperfect as many of them are, it is but too true that, if they did not exist, many females would stand a chance of going wholly without education. At the same time it must be confessed, that where a number of girls, at the most thoughtless and dangerous age, are collected together, and left at those hours of recreation to the conversation of each other, and of gossiping governesses, there is danger, even under the guidance of the most prudent, informed, and experienced head of the establishment; and when it is borne in mind that these qualities cannot be observed by all that are at the head of such establishments, then the danger is magnified to a considerable extent. Some have even gone so far as to say, that the desire of amusement, continual and varied, but still trifling amusement, is the chief thing acquired at boarding schools, and that if by chance a lady returns from any of them with one industrious habit, it is the habit of reading those romances of which the mistress confirmed by her example, that habit, which she forbade by her precepts. But there is no need for pushing the matter to that extremity; and perhaps, if full and candid inquiry were made, many of those faults which are attributed to the boarding school, would be found to have their origin in another quarter; and that which is attributed to the governess, would be found to belong to the injudicious, vulgar, or imprudently indulgent mother. Thus the child, which has been spoiled beyond recovery before ever it was sent to school, is cited as an instance of improper treatment on the part of the schoolmistress. That this is very wrong, does not need to be pointed out, as little does it appear that there is any necessity for it; for really, the boarding school practice is, upon the whole, bad enough, without laying upon it any part of the blame which belongs not to it.

The following observations on the processes by which the materials of a book are formed, are interesting:—

Being able to know where the circumstances are or are not the same, constitutes the whole difference between a well-informed person and a fool; and, in ordinary matters at least, if people always were able to attend to this, and did attend to it, they would succeed much better in all that they do, and meet with far fewer disappointments in their intercourse with the world. Thus, a person who had never seen a candle, or been told the use of it, would neither know that it would burn, or that by burning, it would enlighten a room; and one who had never seen that sugar melted, or tasted that it sweetened a cup of tea, would never think of using it for these purposes, any more than they would think of using a lump of stone.

These are, to be sure, very simple instances; but they are not more simple than any thing else which can be known: or rather, there is no part of knowledge more difficult than they are, provided that folks went about it in the proper way. The book, for instance, which you are now reading, is,

whether it happens to be a sensible and useful book or not, a very curious matter; and the world was some thousands of years old before the united wisdom of all the people in it (and they had just the same abilities naturally as people have now) found out how to make such a book. Even now there were a great many things to be done before the book was fit for your reading. Before I could write it, I had to learn to read and write; then, to have even a chance of doing it properly, I had not only to read a great number of other books, but to converse with a great number of persons, and to observe the progress of a great number of pupils, in order to find out those things in which written instructions appeared to me to be most useful for them. In all this, you will observe, that I may have failed, and the book may be of no use; but if I have so failed, then it must have been just for the want of that knowledge of all the circumstances, with the importance of which I am endeavouring to impress you, and which I am persuading you always to attend to, in order to prevent that which you so learned from being useless. Whether usefully or not, I must have had the art of writing, and I must have had writing materials, all of which are the result of a great deal of knowledge: the paper, for instance, is first sown in the ground as flaxseed, then it grows up and ripens, then the flax is peeled from the stalks, and prepared for the spinner. The spinner changes it into yarn; the weaver makes the yarn into linen, which is whitened by the bleacher, and sent to the linen-draper's in order to be sold. It is purchased, and used as a part of dress until it be no longer reckoned fit for that purpose, and then it is sold to the rag-merchant. The rag-merchant takes it to the paper-mill, where it is first torn to pieces, and then steeped and boiled in water till the whole has the appearance of thin starch or water gruel. The paper-maker has a frame made of fine wires, either laid close by the sides of each other, or woven like a piece of cloth. This frame, which is quite level, is the size of a sheet of paper, and has a little border, which partly regulates the thickness. He dips this frame into the vat containing the rags boiled up like starch, and it lifts out a sheet of paper. But the sheet of paper, when so lifted, is nothing more than a little coating of the starchy matter upon the frame, and has to be pressed between folds of moistened blanket, in order to give it as much consistency as that it may bear being lifted. When this is done it is dried, then it is dipped in glue or size to prevent the ink from running, as it does in blotting paper; then it is dried again, made up into quires and reams, and sent to the stationer, from whom it is bought when wanted.

This, you perceive, is a very long process; many hands are employed, and there must have been many heads at work in finding out all that these hands have to do.

But still, long as the process is, you have not yet got your book, neither am I prepared for writing it for you.

I must have a pen and ink. For the



former purpose, I must either have a quill and prepare it with a knife, or I must have a pen of steel, silver, or some other metal. In either case I require, first, the miner, who digs, from perhaps nearly a mile below the surface of the ground, a substance which he calls an ore, and which he knows will, when properly treated, furnish the metal that is wanted; then the ore must be taken to the smelter, who melts it out of the ore; and, lastly, the metal must be taken to the smith, or the cutler, who forms it into the instrument that I want. If that instrument is a penknife, I shall want a handle to it; and if that handle is to be ivory, some one must go half way round the world, and fetch the tusk of the elephant.

'After getting the knife, I must get a quill. This is pulled out of the wing of a goose after it is dead, or sometimes, barbarously, while it is alive; and, before it be fit for my cutting it into a pen, it must be prepared by the quill-dresser.

'Ink is still wanting; and for this purpose, I go, (or which is the same thing, somebody else goes) to the oak-tree, and finds upon the leaves of it, knobs, like rough berries, which are not the natural production of the tree, but have been occasioned by a little fly, that wounded the leaf, and continued to make the knob to grow upon it as a nest for her young. Having procured this substance, I next find out a kind of stone, which contains iron mixed with sulphur, and by pouring water upon that, I, after a considerable length of time, get a green substance which I call copperas. This I mix with the knobs which the little fly made upon the oak leaves, and also with a portion of gum, which I get from another tree; and the whole, when steeped in water, furnishes me with ink.

'Still, however, the book, such as you have it, is far from being obtained; types must be found, these types must be composed into pages, they must be daubed over with ink; sheets of paper must be pressed upon them, and these sheets must be collected into a volume.

'It would consume far too much time to tell how each of these operations is done; and my object in the meantime is not to tell you that, but merely to impress upon you the immense quantity of labour and invention that are required, before a thing so [apparently] simple as a little book, upon the simple elements of education, can be obtained. The operations are in fact so many, and the materials needed are so much scattered, that if any one had to find out all the materials, and to do all the work, a whole life would hardly be enough for making one single page; while not the wisest or most skilful person that ever lived ever found out one-twentieth part as many curious principles and applications as are required to be done before the book is such as you see it.

'Still, however, the existence of the book really depends upon all these circumstances, and if a single one of them had not taken place, the book would not have existed; or if any one of them had been different from what it was, the book also would have been different. If you had been furnished with

the flax-seed, the ore, the goose, the elephant's tusk, the oak leaf, the fly, the gum, the water, and the other articles, and desired to go and make yourself a book out of them, you would have been very apt to think the person desiring you was foolish, or that at all events, the thing asked to be done was utterly impossible. But when the whole of this compound business is separated into those little parts of which it is compounded, it becomes very easy both to be understood and to be done; the different steps of the knowledge of it, are nothing but so many applications of the doctrine of proportion, or so many instances of reasoning, that that which has been brought about by circumstances once, can be brought about by the same circumstances again; and the different operations of the doing it, are just so many little acts which anybody could perform that had hands, and were willing to use them.'

We must defer further remark or extract until our next.

*The Encyclopedia of Agriculture; comprising the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, Transfer, Laying out, Improvement, and Management, of Landed Property; and the Cultivation and Economy of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture in all Countries. &c. &c. By J. C. LONDON, F. L. S. &c. 8vo. London, 1825. Longman and Co.*

MR. LONDON is already advantageously known to the public as the author of the Encyclopedia of Gardening, which has reached a second edition, though its size and expense (£2) places it beyond the reach of common purchasers. Its merit was so highly appreciated by the Royal Society of Agriculture of Paris, that that learned body honoured the author by electing him a corresponding member. The present work is sufficiently described in its title, and we hesitate not to say that the execution is conformable to it. In a volume containing 7174 articles, and upwards of 1200 closely-printed pages, there will undoubtedly be found some errors; but the author has evidently endeavoured to present the public with everything valuable in the works of his predecessors, in a condensed form; and, in those articles that we have examined, we have found them to preclude the necessity of treatises written, *ex professo*, on the subject. His work is a complete library of agriculture in all its parts; he sometimes digresses,—for, if our idea of the word agriculture be correct, it has nothing to do with instructions for riding races at Newmarket, or for rearing singing-birds. Such articles are certainly redundant; but, as they are not inserted at the expense of any other branch of information, they may be regarded as a present by the author of more than he promised.

*Studies in the Science and Practice of Public Speaking, Reading, and Recitation, with Instructions for Appropriate Delivery. By the REV. C. NEWTON, A. B. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1825. Baldwin and Co.* THESE studies, which are very appropriately dedicated to that accomplished dramatic performer, Mr. Young, appear to us to contain

more judicious and appropriate rules relating to elocution than any other work of the kind with which we are acquainted. By a peculiar mode of printing, and a variety of marks and signs, the author has very ingeniously contrived to exhibit, as far as the intonations of the voice can be depicted to the eye, every degree of modulation and emphasis. Nor has he stopped here; for in almost every page he has introduced explanatory observations and directions, replete with excellent instruction, and pointing out a variety of delicate touches necessary to be observed by those who would become accomplished readers or speakers. The lessons themselves are admirably selected for this purpose, and as ably analyzed by Mr. Newton, who, in the compass of this little volume, has brought together a very copious mass of instruction relative to the art of elocution. We are of opinion, therefore, that his work will prove a very important acquisition to the stock of our school-books, and be of the greatest utility both to teachers and pupils. Guided by the principles here laid down, the former will be enabled to apply them to other oratorical exercises, and greatly to advance this elegant and highly-important, although generally too-much-neglected, branch of education.

#### NICHOLS'S PROGRESSES, PART VII.

THE masques and poetical entertainments, written by Ben Jonson for the court, form a prominent and interesting article in Mr. Nichols's work, and, in order to enable our readers to form some idea of these pieces of royal flattery, we insert one of the shortest of them:—

'AN ENTERTAINMENT OF KING JAMES and QUEEN ANNE, at THEOBALDS, when the House was delivered up, with the possession, to the Queen, by the Earl of Salisbury, the 22d of May 1607; the Prince Janville, brother to the Duke of Guise, being then present. By BEN JONSON.

*'The king and queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorraine, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery; after dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room, which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the Genius of the house held, sadly attired; his cornucopia ready to fall out of his hand, his garland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of his pensive posture, after some little pause, he brake, and began.*

*Genius. Let not your glories darken, to behold The place, and me, her Genius here, so sad; Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told, That I must change the loved lord I had; And he, now in the twilight of sere age, Begin to seek a habitation new; And all his fortunes, and himself, engage Unto a seat his fathers never knew; And I, uncertain what I must endure, Since all the ends of destiny are obscure.*

*Mercury. [From behind the darkness.] Despair not, Genius, thou shalt know thy fate. And withal, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious place, figuring the lararium or seat of the household gods, where both the lares and penates were painted in copper colour; erected with columns and architrave, frieze and cornice, in which were placed divers dia-*

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phanal glasses, filled with several waters that showed like so many stones of orient and transparent hues. Within, as farther off, in landscape, were seen clouds riding; and in one corner, a boy, figuring good event, attired in white, hovering in the air, with wings displayed, having nothing seen to sustain him by all the time the show lasted. At the other corner, a Mercury descended in a flying posture, with his caduceus in his hand, who spake to the three parcae that sate low in a grate with an iron roof, the one holding the rock, the other the spindle, and the third the shears, with a book of adamant lying before them. But first the Genius, surprised by wonder, urged this doubt.

Gen. [aside] What sight is this, so strange and full of state?

The son of Maia, making his descent  
Unto the Fates, and met with good event.\*

Mer. Daughters of Night and Secresy, attend;

You that draw out the chain of Destiny,  
Upon whose threads both lives and times depend,

And all the periods of mortality;  
The will of Jove is, that you straight do look  
The change and fate unto this house decreed;

And, speaking from your adamant book,  
Unto the Genius of the place it read:  
That he may know, and knowing bless his lot,  
That such a grace beyond his hopes hath got.

Clotho. [reads] When underneath thy roof  
is seen

The greatest king, the fairest queen;  
With princes an unmatched pair;  
One, hope of all the earth, their heir;  
The other styled of Lorrain  
Their blood, and sprung from Charlemaine;  
When all these glories jointly shine,  
And fill thee with a heat divine;  
And these reflected, do beget  
A splendid sun, shall never set,  
But here shine fixed, to affright  
All after-hopes of following Night.  
Then, Genius, is thy period come,  
To change thy lord; thus fates do doom.

Gen. But is my patron with this lot content,  
So to desert his father's monument?  
Or is it gain, or else necessity,

Or will to raise a house of better fame,  
That makes him shut forth his posterity  
Out of his patrimony, with his name?

Mer. Nor gain, nor need; much less a vain  
desire  
To frame new roofs or build his dwelling  
higher;

He hath with mortar busied been too much,  
That his affections should continue such.

Gen. Do men take joy in pleasures, not  
to enjoy?

Or doth their business all their likings spend?  
Have they more pleasure in a tedious way,  
Than to repose them at their journey's end?

Mer. Genius, obey, and not expostulate;  
It is your virtue; and such powers as you,  
Should make religion of offending Fate,  
Whose dooms are just, and whose designs  
are true.

Lachesis. The person, for whose royal sake  
Thou must a change so happy make,  
Is he that governs with a smile  
This lesser world, this greatest isle.  
His lady's servant thou must be;  
Whose second would great Nature see,

\* i. e. by good luck; not "good event"  
personified, as Mr. Gifford makes it.

Or Fortune, after all their pain,  
They might despair to make again.

Atropos. She is the grace of all that are;  
And like Eliza, now a star,

Unto her crown, and lasting praise,  
Thy humbler walls at first did raise,

By virtue of her best aspect;  
So shall Bel-Anna them protect.

And this is all the Fates can say;  
Which first believe, and then obey.

Gen. Mourn'd I before? Could I commit a  
sin

So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to pro-  
tract

A joy, to which I should have ravished been,  
And never shall be happy 'till I act?

Vouchsafe, fair queen, my patron's zeal in me,  
Who fly with fervour, as my fate demands,

To yield these keys; and wish that you could  
see

My heart as open to you, as my hands;  
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—  
but, oh!

My joys, like waves, each other overcome;  
And gladness drowns, where it begins to flow.

Some greater powers speak out, for mine are  
dumb!

At this was the place filled with rare and choice  
music, to which was heard the following song,  
delivered by an excellent voice, and the burden  
maintained by the whole quire.

O blessed change!  
And no less glad than strange!

Where we that lose have won!  
And, for a beam, enjoy a sun.

Chorus.

So little sparks become great fires,  
And high rewards crown low desires.

Was ever bliss  
More full or clear than this!

The present month of May  
Ne'er look'd so fresh as doth this day.

Chorus.

So gentle winds breed happy springs,  
And duty thrives by breath of kings.

This work contains many interesting no-  
tices of that amiable youth, Henry, prince of  
Wales. On one occasion

'The king having been slightly indisposed,  
Prince Henry sent a messenger to his ma-  
jesty, upon his recovery, with the following  
letter, dated August 1:—

"Please your Majesty; I am glad to  
hear of your majesty's recovery, before I un-  
derstood of your distemper by the heat of the  
weather. I have sent this bearer of purpose  
to return word of your majesty's good health,  
which I beseech God long to continue; as  
also to remember my most humble duty. He  
is likewise to acquaint your majesty, that  
Mons. le Grand hath sent me a horse by a  
French gentleman, wherewith I hope your  
majesty will be well pleased. The next week  
I mean to use the benefit of your majesty's  
gracious favour of hunting in Waltham Forest,  
the place appointed as being fittest for the  
sport being Wansted. In the mean while  
and after I will employ my time at my book  
the best I can to your majesty's satisfaction,  
whereof hoping your majesty will rest assur-  
ed, I kiss most humbly your hands, as

"Your majesty's dutiful and obedient son,  
"HENRY."

"On the same day he wrote likewise to the  
queen his mother, as follows:—

"Please your Majesty; I have sent this

bearer my servant to kiss, from me, your  
majesty's hands, and to certify me at his  
return of your good health, which (as in duty  
I am bound) I will earnestly beseech God  
long to continue. And that being all the  
service, which in my opinion I am able to  
perform unto your majesty, if it shall please  
you to think me worthy to receive any of  
your majesty's commands, I will be very  
careful, according to my mean power, to  
shew my readiness in obeying. Whereof  
not doubting but your majesty will rest as-  
sured, I kiss again your hands.

"Ever your majesty's most dutiful and  
obedient son,  
"HENRY."

King James was a curious letter-writer  
himself. During a visit to Bletsoe, the seat  
of Oliver Lord St. John, he wrote the follow-  
ing singular letter (partly in cypher) to the  
then newly-made lord treasurer, Robert  
Cecil, earl of Salisbury:—

'My littill Beagill; Ye and youre fellowis  
thaire are so proude nou that ye have gottin  
the gyding againe of a feminine courte in the  
olde fashion, as I know not hou to deale with  
you; ye sitte at youre ease and directis all;  
the newis from all the puirtis of the uorlde  
comes to you in youre chamber, the king's  
owin ressolutions dependis upon youre post-  
ing dispatches, and quhen ye list ye can (sit-  
ting on youre hedde-sydes) with one call or  
quhisling in youre fist make him to poste  
nicte and daye till he come to youre pre-  
sence. Uell, I know Suffoke is married,  
and hath also his handis full nou in har-  
bouring that great littell proude man that  
comes in his chaire; but for youre pairte,  
maister 10, quho is wanton and uifeless  
[wifeless], I can not but be ialous of youre  
greatnes with my uife; but most of all ame  
I suspicious of 3, quho is so laitellie fallen in  
aqualtance with my uife, for besydes that  
the verrie number of 3 is iuell lyked of by  
ucomen, his face is so amiabill as it is able  
to intyse, and his fortune hath ever bene to  
be great with Sho-saintis; but his pairt is  
foule in this, that, never having taken a uife  
to himself in his youth, he can not nou be  
content with his graye haires to forbearre any  
other mannis uife. But, for expiation of  
this sinne, I hoape that ye have all three with  
the rest of youre societie taken this daye ane  
eucharistike cuppe of thankfulness for the  
occasion quibiche fell out at a time quhen ye  
durst not avou me. And heir hath beene  
this daye kept the Feaste of King James'  
deliverie at Saint Jonstoune, in Saint John's  
house. All other maitters I referre to the old  
knave the beaer's reporte. And so faire ye  
uell.  
JAMES R."

#### THE INSTITUTION OF THE GRAND JURY.

In the last number of The Westminster Re-  
view, among many other excellent articles,  
there is a good Essay (for, like the Quarterly  
and Edinburgh, its critiques are essays,) on  
the Administration of Provincial Justice, in  
which the writer lashes, with well-merited  
severity, the ignorance, heartlessness, and  
oppression, of country magistrates. Much  
has been said about trading justices, but, for  
our part, we would a thousandfold prefer a  
paid to an unpaid magistracy; besides, the



prejudices of the country justices are much more to be feared than any chance of corrupt motives in a pecuniary point of view. In town we are glad to see the police magistrates are no longer taken (not selected) from tradesmen tired of business, but from persons bred to the law; and we should be glad if other persons in the country were left to decide on cases of poaching than sporting squires—the lords of the premises, who in this case may be said to be judges in their own cause. To return, however, to the article in *The Westminster Review*, of which we generally approve, we shall quote the following sensible observations on the institution of the grand jury:—

"The grand jury institution has received abundant encomiums on the ground that, by its intervention, many an innocent man is spared the shame of a public trial. But a public trial ought, if the law were wisely administered, to be an advantage to an innocent man. It would afford him the means of making a public defence, and if he were guiltless, this would most effectually publish his innocence. A verdict of acquittal, however, under the English law, affords but equivocal proof of a prisoner's innocence, because it may proceed from a totally distinct cause, viz. a verbal flaw in the instrument of accusation, or indictment. This being the case, it is argued, a man is placed in rather a better condition, with respect to character, when discharged by the grand-jury, than he is by an acquittal in open court. To praise a bad tribunal, upon the plea that it saves some innocent men from a tribunal some degrees worse, evinces pretty clearly how destitute it is of all intrinsic merit. We say "some" innocent men, for, by the nature of the inquiry adopted by the grand jury practice, it is impossible that they should fairly estimate the prisoner's guilt. They hear one side only; no witnesses in behalf of the accused being called. Of course, therefore, it frequently happens that they send him to trial, where his defence is such as to change the aspect of the case and procure his acquittal. Thus, even this slender ground of eulogy is untenable, and we appeal to those among our readers, who may be conversant with the transactions of the grand-jury room, whether a most active determination to find "true-bills" does not usually prevail? We have actually heard of one county, where these functionaries have been known to pique themselves upon the number of bills found within a given time. The cases in which bills are thrown out, it may safely be inferred, are cases which ought never to have come before the grand jury—cases in which individuals have been committed to a horrible gaol, upon insufficient grounds, and therefore unjustly imprisoned. Were they sent to trial, the "shame" would, we suspect, be transferred from the prisoners to the justice, who put them in prison. Of this injury, we hear nothing, but are told to admire the humane provision made for not adding the *further injury* of a bad mode of trial. This species of benevolence is, our readers must allow, quite unique! Again, we would

ask, why should the grand jury be better judges of the probability of a prisoner being guilty, than the single magistrate before whom the same evidence was first laid? He had more time to bestow on the case; he was applied to when the facts were fresh, when all the evidence was recent; having probably an acquaintance with the local circumstances which often assist the magistrate in weighing testimony, having also heard the prisoner's defence, with all these aids in favour of the one, we ask why a plurality of magistrates is more likely to ascertain the probability of a man's guilt than the one justice? It seems likely that the one would be much better able to estimate it than the many, if he were possessed of the qualities proper for a magistrate. But here we touch upon the mysteries of the system. Here we intrude with insolent curiosity upon the secret springs and motives, which work the machinery of our blessed institutions. Yet it must be told, lest the simple-minded perceive not the true end of this boasted portion of them, the grand jury practice, and thence believe that if it has done no good, it has at least done no harm. It has an end, yea it hath its utility (would that all the objects dear to philanthropy were as wisely provided for, as those to which the institution of grand jury is subservient!) So far forth as the adaptation of means to ends characterizes a perfect system, this may challenge the most skilful of human contrivances. The only thing to be deplored is, that the end should be a bad one. We will take leave to explain what it is.

"The advantage of the grand jury consists then, first and foremost, in sheltering the magistrates in the individual exercises of their judicial authority—its value to them is incalculable. If no grand jury existed to take the responsibility off the shoulders of individuals, the blame of improper committals would attach itself upon the magistrate or magistrates, by whom the impropriety was committed. But, by the masterly contrivance of a grand jury, every inconvenience of this kind is provided against. The body of justices, being all in one interest, take especial care not to bring the office into disrepute, by exposing the sins of a brother. The whole fraternity must stand by each other, and then the respective portions of power may be stretched to their utmost limit with but slight danger of incurring blame. Such is the chief prerogative of the grand jury, to afford, in its collective character, the most complete protection and immunity to the acts of all who belong to the fraternity. There is another species of power which they possess, and which they exercise for the double advantage of obliging those at the head of affairs, and for the sake of quelling every indication of disapprobation of the measures of government which may be attempted by the people—disapprobation of the acts of government being, of course, a heinous crime in the eyes of all who profit by said acts. The power, we mean, is that of preventing all redress, by criminal proceedings, against such as commit violence or injury in support of the government party.

The grand jury have only to throw out the bill of indictment against such offenders, and they escaped untouched. When indictments were laid against some of the yeomanry who committed the well-known atrocious acts of violence at Manchester, not a bill would they find! "no justice for discontented people!!" The only remedy in such cases is a civil action (if the party can pay for it), and even then there are tricks known to the initiated by which the attempt at remedy is rendered either ruinous or abortive. Government finds the institution of grand jury so convenient, in cases like the foregoing, that it has a prodigious interest in its maintenance, and looks with detestation upon any endeavours to impugn its perfection and utility.

"As a sample of the convenient operation of the grand jury system, in as far as it relieves single justices from uneasiness concerning rash committals, we will state a case which occurred concerning rash committals, we will state a case which occurred in a midland county some few months since, the authenticity of which, our readers may rely upon. A boy finding a sack close to the highway, carried it home: the boy's father finding out to whom it belonged, advised the son to take it back the next day, lest the being possessed of another person's property might get him into some trouble. Before there was time to comply with this advice, the owner of the sack claimed and received his property back. Three months after this incident, the owner of the sack, who was a member of an association for the protection of property by prosecuting for offences, found himself called upon by its regulations to prosecute. The boy was accordingly taken before a parson-justice of that district, who made out his commitment, for felony, to the county gaol. In that county gaol was he doomed to remain six or seven weeks, under circumstances which could scarcely fail at rendering him vicious and idle. He was destined, by this functionary of the laws, to spend six weeks in prison. During the latter part of his confinement, he would have been locked up with eight felons every night, in a cell containing three beds. That this boy was spared such injuries, arose from the interference of an individual, who procured the lad to be bailed, to appear at the ensuing assizes. In due time, the grand jury being assembled, the case in question was brought forward, and, as might have been predicted, the bill was rejected. Had no grand jury existed, and had the lad been brought to a public trial, the utter absence of evidence to warrant his commitment might have come before the public eye—might have occasioned unfavourable remarks upon the conduct of the magistrate in committing him—might have vexed the gentlemen of the commission by bringing the magisterial office into disrepute. All these inconveniences, it will be observed, were obviated by the intervention of the grand jury. Can it be matter of wonder that it should have so many admirers among the country gentlemen?"

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## ORIGINAL.

## A DEFENCE OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE piping times of peace rendering all declamations against war unseasonable, and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present ministers having deprived senators and journalists of a never failing mark at which to level their arrows, they have, of late years, been much at a loss for a grievance to complain of; at length, they have hit on that truly national establishment—the British Museum. The attack commenced in the House of Commons, by a very young member, who, having with much difficulty, got hold of what he thought a good subject, determined to make the most of it, but as his complaints were answered on the spot, and did not carry much weight, we pass them over. This, however, is not the case with some severe and very unmerited attacks, which have lately been made in two of the leading daily papers—the Times and the Morning Chronicle, and in a respectable monthly journal, the London Magazine.

The principal charges against this establishment are, the difficulty of obtaining an admission to the reading-room, the delay in obtaining books when admitted—bad editions and bad catalogues. As to the first charge, had it been made a dozen or fourteen years ago, when to get an admission it was necessary to be recommended by one of the trustees of the Museum, it would have had some appearance of truth, but it comes very malapropos when the door to admission is thrown so wide that to be known as a man of letters, engaged in literary pursuits, or to be recommended to any officer of the establishment, is all that is necessary. The fact is, indeed, that admission is too easily obtained, in consequence of which the reading-room is no longer a place of study or research, (generally speaking,) but a lounge room where young fops idle away an hour when they are tired with the Parks and Trotter's Bazaar. We will go further and say, it is impossible it can become a place of study while the reading-room is frequented by such crowds of persons who never rest quiet a moment, but are perpetually talking or walking, for thinking and reading are out of the question. As another proof that the officers are not very rigid in their admissions, it is only necessary to state that a very great proportion of those who do read never ask for any work but such as can be obtained at a circulating library; we have seen one youth, day after day, dwelling on the Percy Anecdotes, and another going through the whole of Pope's works—to be sure it was the original quarto edition, though of that we suspect he was quite unconscious. Perhaps, however, the strongest of all proofs that admission to the reading-room is not difficult is, that *three thousand* persons at this time possess the privilege.

With regard to the second complaint, against the British Museum, that there is a great delay in procuring the books wanted, in the reading-room, we do not deny its existence, but we most unequivocally assert, that the blame is not chargeable on either the officers or the messengers of the esta-

blishment. It is one of the evils of the British Museum, that the persons engaged to conduct its affairs are ill paid, and are by no means sufficiently numerous, and this will ever be the case, while Parliament higgles in voting the supplies, like a miser with his housekeeper. Every person knows that in a tradesman's shop, where the customers are numerous, some must wait before they are supplied; in the shop of an eminent druggist in Holborn, we have waited an hour to be served, and have known persons remain double the time; can it, therefore, excite surprise, that when the frequenters to the reading-room of the British Museum, are constantly increasing, and the messengers, who supply the books, have no additional assistance, there should be some delay in procuring the works called for. We are no strangers to the British Museum, though never for a moment connected with it or any person on the establishment, but we do not hesitate to declare, that we never saw greater zeal, or greater impartiality exhibited in any thing, than the messengers display in furnishing the books that are called for; there are, however, other difficulties to which we have not alluded.

With regard to the MSS., though we believe amounting to thirty or forty thousand volumes, any one may be obtained in five minutes at the utmost, unless indeed, it should be in the hands of some other reader, and the messenger is unacquainted with the circumstance. As to the printed books in a library so extensive, it is not at all extraordinary, if some of them (when a thousand or perhaps twice that number, are out in a day) are not returned to the shelves, or even the cases to which they belong, and this will of course, occasion some inconvenience.

The greatest, we will say, the only serious inconvenience we have ever experienced in procuring books has been when we wanted to refer to some small pamphlet, advertisement, or hand-bill, a hundred of which are perhaps bound up in the same volume; the difficulty does not, then, merely consist in finding the volume; but the librarians, anxious to save the time of the reader, mark the very place where it is to be found.

The next charge against the British Museum—that it contains bad editions of works, is perhaps in a few instances true; the fault, however, does not rest with the officers of the establishment. The library of the Museum may be compared to the pavilion at Brighton; neither has been formed on one great design, and hence their want of uniformity. The fact is, that the library of printed books in the Museum is by no means complete, and is indeed particularly defective in books printed from the death of Sir Hans Sloane to within about the last twenty years; nor can it be rendered perfect unless a sum is placed at the disposal of the librarian for the purpose. Hitherto sums of money have been voted for the purchase of whole libraries, one half of which have necessarily been duplicates, and means have not been afforded to perfect sets, or purchase single works, as they might be met with. Some years ago there was a blank paper-

book kept in the reading-room, in which any person could write down the titles of such book or books as he thought should be in the library; but the librarian, we believe, had no means of procuring them but by an application to the trustees, at least, if not to Parliament, which is most niggardly in its conduct to the Museum.

The last complaint against the British Museum that we shall notice, is the catalogue of the printed books, which is certainly not good; it is, however, too much to charge this on the indolence of the officers of the establishment, whose salaries are scarcely equal to those of a newspaper reporter or a banker's clerk, although their attendance is most assiduous. One of the assailants, in a morning paper, has attacked one officer in particular, who presides in the reading room: that he is not a learned man we think probable, but he possesses a most intimate acquaintance with the library in the British Museum, and can most readily state, not only what works it contains on any subject, but where they are to be found; and it is for this practical knowledge that he is placed in the reading-room, where his urbanity has gained him the esteem of all who frequent it—his cowardly assailant excepted. That the British Museum is not perfect, we will admit, and shall, in a future paper, offer a few suggestions for its improvement.

## THE JESUITS.

THE late prosecution of two of the Paris Journals—the *Constitutionnel* and the *Courrier Français*, at the instigation of the Jesuitical faction in France, has naturally enough called the attention of the public to the order of the Jesuits, its character, and its crimes. Happily for France, the *cour royale*, before whom the prosecutions were tried, by their acquittal, recognised the right of journalists to expose the blasphemy and bigotry of the French clergy, which constantly increases and outrages every feeling of humanity.

It is idle to say that the march of knowledge is too powerful to be obstructed by the principles or practices of the Roman Catholic religion: the history of all ages, since its establishment, and the events of the present period, prove that it can be, and in fact is, obstructed; and let the Jesuits once get the power they formerly possessed, and they will, by their deeds, prove themselves, not what they profess to be—followers of Jesus, but worthy successors of their founder, Ignatius Loyola.

What the Jesuits have been, we shall very briefly show. It is known that Henry III. of France was not a favourite with the order of the Jesuits; and, although they were no strangers to using the secret dagger, yet they thought they might go more openly to work with this monarch, and even justify regicide. The subject was discussed in the Sorbonne, whether or not the French might lawfully take up arms against this king; and, after a mature deliberation of all the doctors assembled, to the number of seventy, and having heard several different reasons drawn, principally from the Holy Scriptures, as well as from the holy canons and the decrees of the



pontiffs, it was concluded by the president of the same faculty, without one dissentient voice, and this in the form of council, to remove the scruples of the said people—first, The people of this kingdom are released from the oath of fidelity taken to King Henry.

Also, the said people may, in safety of conscience, arm, unite, raise money, and contribute towards the defence and preservation of the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman religion, against the horrible projects and attempts of the said king and his adherents, since he has violated the public faith, to the prejudice of the said Catholic religion, the edict of the holy union, and the natural liberty of the convocation of the states.

Farther, the said faculty of Paris has deemed it proper to send these conclusions to the pope, that he may deign to approve and confirm them by the authority of the holy apostolic see, and by this means succour the Gallican church, which is in the greatest danger.\*

\* It being the invariable doctrine of the Jesuits to deny whatever is not proved, we subjoin the original text:—

RESPONSUM FACULTATIS THEOLOGICÆ PARISIENSIS.

Anno domini millesimo quingentesimo octogesimo nono, die septima mensis Januarii, sacratissima theologiæ facultas Parisiensis congregata fecit apud Collegium Sorbonæ, post publicam supplicationem omnium ordinum dictæ facultatis ET MISSAM DI SANCTO SPIRITU IBIDEM CELEBRATAM, postulantis clarissimis D. D. Præfecto ædilibus consulibus, et Catholicis civibus almæ urbis Parisiensis, tam viva voce quam publico instrumento et tabellis per eorumdem actuarium obsignatis et publico urbis sigillo munitis deliberatura super duobus sequentibus articulis qui deprompti sunt ex libello supplicis prædictorum civium cujus tenor, est hujus modi.

A monseigneur Le Duc D'Aumale Gouverneur, et à Messieurs les Provot des Marchands et Echevins de la Ville de Paris.

Vous remontrent humblement les bons bourgeois manants et habitants de la Ville de Paris, que plusieurs des dits habitants et autres de ce royaume sont en peine et scrupule de conscience, pour prendre resolution sur les preparatifs que se font pour la conservation de la religion Catholique Apostolique et Romaine de cette Ville de Paris, et de tant l'Etat de ce Royaume à l'encontre des desseins cruellement executés à Blois et infraction de la foi publique, au préjudice de la dite religion, et de l'edit d'union et de la naturelle liberté de la convocation des Etats sur quoi les dits suppliants desireraient avoir une sainte et veritable resolution. Ce considéré il vous plaise promouvoir que Messieurs de la Faculté de Theologie soient assemblés pour deliberer sur ces points circonstances et dependances, et si est permis de s'assembler s'unir et contribuer contre le Roi et si nous sommes encore liés du serment qui nous lui avons juré pour sur ce donner leur avis et resolution.

Soit la presente requête renvoyée par devers Messieurs de la faculté de Theologie, lesquels seront suppliés s'assembler et donner sur ce leur resolution, fait le 7e. Janvier, 1589, signé *Eve-rard*, at scellé du sceau public de la Ville.

ARTICULI DE QUIBUS DELIBERATUM EST A PRÆDICTA FACULTATE.

An populus regni Gallie sit liberatus et so-

The crime of Henry III. against the Jesuits was, that he had refused to establish the inquisition in France; and at Blois, in 1588, he dared thus to allude to the crimes of the clergy. 'His majesty demands from the clergy, since they are charged with the reformation of others, to begin by reforming their own lives, and give a good example to the other orders of the state.'

This was not to be borne by insolent factious Jesuits; they established an *imperium in imperio*; they not only pretended to owe no allegiance themselves to the sovereign, but they engaged the whole nation to perjure themselves, and take up arms against him; and, that no scruple whatever might remain in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, they engaged to send their decisions to Rome, to have the authority and approbation of the pope. The principle, therefore, of absolving a nation from its allegiance, was considered to be a principle of the Romish Church. The Jesuits, indeed, knew that their doctrine would receive a full sanction from that pope who, the preceding year, had pretended, by a bull, to lay all England under an interdiction, and to declare Queen Elizabeth an usurper, a heretic, and excommunicated, and ordered the English to join the Spaniards to dethrone her, promising a great reward to those who would secure her person, and deliver her up to the Catholics, to punish her for her crimes.

lutus a sacramento fidelitatis et obedientiæ Henrico tertio præstito?

An tuta conscientia possit idem populus armari, uniri, et pecunias colligere, et contribuere ad defensionem et conservationem religionis Catholicæ Apostolicæ et Romanæ, in hoc regno, adversus nefaria consilia et conatus prædicti Regis et quorumlibet illi adhærentium et contra fidei publicæ violationem ab eo Blesis factam, in præjudicium prædictæ religionis Catholicæ, et edicti sanctæ unionis et naturalis libertatis convocationi trium ordinum hujus Regni?

Super quibus articulis auditâ omnium et singulorum magistrorum qui ad septuaginta convenerant, matura, accurata, et liberâ deliberatione, et auditis multis et variis rationibus, quæ magna ex parte tum ex scripturis sacris, tum canonicis sanctionibus et decretis pontificum, in medium disertissimis verbis productæ sunt; conclusum est à domino decano ejusdem facultatis, nemine refragante, et hoc per modum consilii, ad liberandas conscientias prædicti populi.

Primum quod populus hujus regni solutus est et liberatus a sacramento fidelitatis et obedientiæ præfacto Henrico Regi præstito.

Deinde, quod idem populus LICITE ET TUTA CONSCIENTIA potest armari, unire et pecunias colligere et contribuere ad defensionem et conservationem religionis Catholicæ, Apostolicæ et Romanæ, adversus nefaria consilia et conatus prædicti regis et quorumlibet illi adhærentium, ex quo fidem publicam violavit, in præjudicium prædictæ religionis Catholicæ et edicti sanctæ unionis, et naturalis libertatis convocationis trium ordinum hujus regni.

Quam conclusionem insuper visum est eidem Parisiensi facultati transmittendam esse ad sanctissimum. De nostrum Papam, ut cam sanctæ sedis Apostolicæ, anetocitate probare et confirmare et eadem operâ Ecclesiæ Gallicanæ, granissime laboranti, opem et Auxilium prestare dignatur.

Happily, Protestant England was deaf to the parricidal bull of the pope. She produced neither traitors to go over to the enemy, nor assassins to murder their lawful sovereign. What a contrast does Catholic France offer at that very period. The Jesuits absolved the people from their allegiance on the 7th of January, 1589; and, on the 31st of July following, the Jesuits, not content with preaching the doctrine of assassination, seized the dagger, and plunged it into the heart of the sovereign.

The news of the murder of Henry III. was received with transport at Rome; Jaques Clement was called the 'blessed' by the pope himself, whose Christian charity refused that a funeral service should be performed for the repose of the soul of the assassinated king.

Yet history tells us, that this pope, Sixtus V., though he sanctioned the crimes of the Jesuits, when in accordance with his own principles, abhorred and detested them as incorrigibly wicked and criminal. When pressed to choose his confessor out of their society, he said, 'It would be more proper that I should confess the Jesuits than choose them for my confessors.'

Sensible men see, in the Jesuits of 1825, the Jesuits of 1589, 1610, 1757, 1758, and 1774; they do not forget that Jaques Clement, Ravallac, and Damiens, were the organs of the Jesuits, and that all their crimes followed close upon measures taken to curb their pride; they do not forget that the Jesuits, Malagrida, Alexander, and Mathos, decided that it was not even a venial sin to kill one's lawful sovereign, and that shortly after the King of Portugal was assassinated, the regicides having first obtained of their Jesuit confessors absolution for the crime they were going to commit. In fine, it cannot be forgotten, that when Clement XIV. suppressed the order of the Jesuits, 'I will do it,' said he, *ma questa suppressione mi dara la morte* ('but this suppression will procure my death,') and that the event followed close on the prediction. Nay, so well practised are the Jesuits in the arts of assassination, that they could even fix the period when a slow poison would be mortal; they placarded the pontifical palace with the letters *I. S. S. S. V.*—*In Septembre Sara Sede Vacante*—In September the holy see will be vacant; and, on the 22nd of the same month, the pope died of the effects of the poison they had administered.

In short, the Jesuits—for their principles are unchanged—profess regicide, and teach it by precept and example; the Jesuits, in the space of little more than two hundred years, have assassinated four Catholic kings, and poisoned one pope; and yet this is a society whose atrocities it is attempted to revive in France, and for attacking which the vengeance of the French tribunals has been invoked, though happily without effect.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

O WHAT avails the heavenly gift of song,  
And all the finer feelings of the bard;  
If of mankind his fortunes be most hard,  
What boots it that unto his soul belong;

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Yet better  
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(If on his head fall calumny and wrong)  
Thoughts that his fellow mortals benefit,  
Yet better not his lot; what argues it  
That he is gifted more than other men?  
If of their evils he is doom'd to share,  
And suffer more, and yet more calmly bear;  
If want assail him,—better that his frame  
Was of that dull cold clay that bears his name,  
Than he should rise through misery to fame,  
Or pining on through life, in poverty expire.  
S. R. J.

## ODE TO IMAGINATION.

COME thou wizard of the teeming brain,  
Either in cloud of melancholy,  
With pensive step and sorrow holy:  
Or, with a joyous glancing  
Heart and soul entrancing,  
I care not, if on thee my calling be not vain!  
Wilt thou fire my laggard blood,  
With themes of high souled Liberty;  
To tear from off her form, the hood  
Enwapt round her by Tyranny.  
To bare the kindling of her eye,  
The pulses of her heart,—  
The thoughts that will not, cannot die—  
Is this to be my part?  
If not to me, to others worthier far—  
Peel from their souls thy charge, and rouse the  
dormant war!  
Or, shall I sing the patriot's dirge,  
And weep that he is dead;  
With harpings mournful as the surge  
Dying on its beachy bed:—  
Or, shall I emulate its roar  
Returning to the ocean;  
When black-browed storms are gathering o'er  
To chide its listless motion;—  
Oh not to me—oh not to me belong  
Such majesty to mourn the warrior in my song!  
Or, shall I tell a tale of love—  
One of mournful histories—  
That might the soul to pity move  
Affection's mysteries!  
Of melting kisses—true ones parted—  
The bosom's hope and fear—  
The fall of fate—the broken hearted—  
Of sorrow—and a bier;  
Oh, I should chide myself that e'er I sung,—  
The harp of love should more than tenderly be  
strung!  
Do with me as thou wilt, thou mazy fire,  
That brightens from the eye in flashing  
gleams,  
And startles e'en 'the enthusiast in his  
dreams'  
Blaze on my heart and brain with radiant ire!  
Unlock the casket of thy hidden lore,  
Bring back the past clad in terrific light—  
Nor wrap the future in prophetic night—  
Reveal the ranges of thy boundless store!  
Ah, now I view the warrior bold—  
With martial fervour in his tread;  
Years have gone—I feel him cold,  
His spirit hath for ever fled—  
But shall his fame be ever dead?—  
I view the Cæsar in his hall—  
The monarch on his throne—  
The consul in the capitol—  
'Tis fled—I am alone—  
And all the dreaming of the mighty past is  
gone!  
Now turn me to the present—where, oh where  
Is Freedom's light'ning? Hath it shrouds  
In the dark tyrannic clouds?  
Or, hath it vanished into air—  
And made the recreant earth no more its glori-  
ous lair?

Palsied be the arm that shrinks  
When the cry is — 'to be free!'  
Blasted be the lip that drinks  
The courtier draught of tyranny—  
Be there not a grave in earth—  
(That clay from whence the worm had birth)  
To hide his foul remains,  
Nor dews to wash his loathsome corse  
Nor startling dirge of thunder hoarse,  
But moulder silently—a mass of many  
stains!

Where is the light—the true, true light—  
Now veiled by priestly craft;  
That makes the air of Heaven, a blight  
The noon-tide hour, a dark midnight,  
The word, a deadly shaft!  
'Tis gone! but not—oh, not for ever  
Will this method be!  
The time will arise,  
When, with views of the skies,  
Will be opened men's eyes—  
Nor clouded nor dimly to see—  
And their doubtings shall sever  
To unite again, never,  
And all shall be certain and free! J. J. L.

## GRÆCIA GALLIS.

[THE following spirited lines, by the author of  
Lacon, proves better than any newspaper pa-  
ragraphs, that he is not dead, nor doth he  
sleep.]

GRÆCIA luctatur, te concute Gallia, fratri  
Præsta frater opem, soror ô succurre sorori,  
Gallia, quæ longo numeras de stemmate he-  
roes,

Gallia, Miltiadis ne dedignere nepotes.

Usque adeo nihil est? Quod tu, per ful-  
mina belli

Certatas acies, quassataque sceptrâ potentum,  
Civica, sanguineo molimine, jura tulisti!  
Jamque patris patriæ Lodovici ex stirpe po-  
tiris.

Usque adeo nihil est? Quod nostros vestra  
juventus

Quærit adhuc latices, in utramque parata Mi-  
nervam:

Immemor esse mei spoliis induta meorum  
Gallia non poteris, tibi si non deficiis ipsi,  
Nam tua res agitur, quacunque Minerva periclo  
est.

Per Sophiæ chartas, per opuscula dulcia, gra-  
tum

Quæ didicisse fuit juveni, meminisse senili,  
Per decus eloquii, frustrataque tela Philippi,  
Tardatamque fugam per densa cadavera Xerxis,  
Fortibus ô fortes succurrite, ni sit inulta  
Pieridum tellus per tot veneranda triumphos!

Auxilium in promptu, nobis, pro parte virili  
Nunc meruisse manet, præsto concedere, vobis;  
Nullas necte mores, brevis est lux semper he-  
roûm;

Carpe diem, forti hora suam dat singula pal-  
mam;

Audisne ut gemitus? qui funditur undique,  
belli

Qualiacunque monet dure instrumenta parari,  
Inter egestatem, nostræ vectigal arenæ;  
Jam sponso nova nupta, patri puer arma minis-  
trat,

Plurima dum virgo, quæ jactat nomen Achivæ,  
Magnopere et toties se nasci vellet Achivum.  
Præsentem fer opem, jam classica martia cla-  
mant,

Jam manus ad ferrum est, ad muros Barbarus  
hostis,

Gloria dux, merces libertas splendida palmæ est.  
Nostrum erit interea soli confidere ferro,

Arte dolos, vim vi superare, labore laborem,  
Vincere, si fas est, si non, viciasse mereri;

Tot tantisque malis oppressa est Græcia, nobis  
Fit vindicta dehinc virtus, elementia crimen.  
Omnia, libertate, adimi vellemus, ademptâ,  
Cedere quid propter vitam, quod reddit hones-  
tum

Vivere, servorum est, mortem præferre, viro-  
rum.

Indue, quas nobis fabricasti, Turca catenas,  
Jamdudum est assueta jugo tibi barbara cervix,  
Succumbet! Nullos numeret cum Græcia  
Græcos!

Nec nisi victores pactum pangemus, Achæas  
Fœdat oliva manus, quæ non circumdata lauro  
est.

## FINE ARTS.

## PAINTED WINDOW, ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET.

A VERY magnificent specimen of enamelling  
on glass has been just put up in the east win-  
dow of St. Bride's Church, the subject of  
which is taken from Ruben's celebrated pic-  
ture, the Descent from the Cross. It is not  
saying much, when we assert that this is the  
finest production, in the class to which it be-  
longs, to be met with in the metropolis, since  
London possesses nothing of the kind of any  
importance, much less anything deserving to  
be brought into competition with this paint-  
ing. We do not see here, as is usual in  
painted windows, a series of distinct compart-  
ments, but a grand historical subject, exe-  
cuted on a scale truly imposing, it being  
twenty feet high by thirteen wide, and the fi-  
gures upwards of seven feet. The effect of  
light and shade is almost magical; and in-  
deed no model could have been better select-  
ed for such a purpose than Rubens, whose  
gorgeous brilliancy of colour and richness of  
execution are admirably adapted to this  
branch of the pictorial art, which is capable  
of accomplishing more in this way than any  
other species of painting. Even the peculiar  
beauties of Rubens seem here to be height-  
ened, and to be arrayed with a glow of eth-  
erial light—such as never beams from the can-  
vass. On entering from the western door,  
the effect of this is most striking—splendid  
almost beyond conception, yet chaste, and  
even solemn. We seem indeed to be upon  
holy ground, and within a temple dedicated  
to religion.

It would be unjust towards those who di-  
rected this, and the other recent improve-  
ments and embellishments of the church, not  
to commend the good taste and liberality  
which they have displayed; and we may  
without flattery say, that the artist has here  
accomplished a work that will ensure him  
lasting honour. The painting was begun by  
the late Mr. Muss, well known for his supe-  
rior ability in enamelling on glass; but, he  
dying soon after it was commenced, it was  
completed by his pupil, Mr. Nixon, who has  
shown himself to be not an unworthy succe-  
sor of his distinguished master. Sincerely  
do we hope that a career so honourably be-  
gun will prove as successful as liberal patron-  
age can render it.

## PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

WE feel ourselves much indebted to Messrs.  
Burford, Leicester Square, for opening the  
winter season with so pleasing an exhibition  
as their Panorama of Mexico. After a mi-



nute examination of the performance, we feel no hesitation in announcing it to our readers with the most unqualified approbation.

We would not, however, have any one betake himself to Leicester Square with his head full of legendary lore, of the invasion of Cortez, and the gilded city, and all the other marvels set forth so gorgeously by the travellers and historians of earlier days. The spectacle of the present city of Mexico presents to the modern traveller's eye—

'No chased roofs, and spires light,

Nor towers and domes of golden light ;' but it affords what is better—a neat and elegant city, surrounded by some of the finest local scenery in the known world. The traces of Indian architecture, of which we have such magnificent ideas, are few and feeble in the present view; nor is there anything either grand or striking in the buildings in general; but the uniformity and harmony of the whole scene is surpassing beautiful.

The city itself is 'navelled in the woody hills,' or rather embosomed in a rich valley, formed by the stupendous chain of the Cordillera. The barrier which these hills form along the horizon, and the gigantic effect which they display, towering above the 'local habitations' they enclose, is admirably executed by the artist, and adds much to the general effect of the picture. The city is, for the most part, regularly built; the streets are long, but not over spacious, bisecting each other in transverse directions, and thus affording a direct communication to any part of the town. The houses struck us as being remarkably low, and their roofs, which are flat, and thickly planted in many quarters, give them altogether a very singular and fanciful appearance. But this oddity is further increased, by the roofs of those which are not planted being inlaid with porcelain, and the walls of others being daubed over, with a true Indian taste, with all sorts of colours, so vivid that they almost dazzle the eye of the beholder. This intermixture of foliage, paint, and the glare of porcelain, so unlike anything 'an Englisher' is in the habit of witnessing, though extremely fantastical, was not disagreeable to us; its very singularity is perhaps its charm.

These are the principal features in the city, which deserve as much praise for their general freedom and effect, as for their minute and elaborate detail. Indeed, it was a matter of no small astonishment to us, to observe how well these two opposite principles had been combined in the present view.

As for the surrounding scenery, it is magnificent; Nature here has been over bountiful, and the artist has been over happy in imitating her. It was a beautiful day, fortunately for us, when we inspected this panoramic view, and the sun showed off the canvass to advantage. All description must fall below it; we therefore humbly and earnestly advise those, 'to whom these presents may come greeting,' to flock to Leicester Square, and judge for themselves, assuring them, on the faith of 'the mighty we,' that they will not return disappointed.

## THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**DRURY-LANE THEATRE.**—On Saturday, a new operatic piece, in three acts, called *Leocadea*, was produced at this theatre. The plot has its counterpart in the story of Lucretia—with this difference, that in *Leocadea*, the spoiler marries the woman he has wronged many years afterwards. The music is pretty, and the actors did all they could for the piece, which, however, has not been repeated.

Mr. Kean is playing with great success in America, 'the winter of discontent having become glorious summer' by the *sons of New York*. His apology has been deemed sufficient, and he draws crowded houses every evening.

## LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

**PREPARING** for the press, and will be published in the course of 1826, *The Life and Times of Napoleon*, principally compiled from Inedited Documents by his Companions in Arms; by Sir John Byerley.

We have authority to state that the galleries of the Society of British Artists are only let until the usual period of receiving works of art for the annual exhibition, viz. the first week in March next. We mention this in order to counteract the misstatements which have appeared in a morning, as well as in a Sunday paper, tending to the prejudice of the society.

Letters from Berlin state that the Prussian sculptor, Professor Rauch, receives commissions from all quarters. From Munich he has received highly honourable invitations to go to that city, in order to model a colossal equestrian statue of the late king, Maximilian, which is afterwards to be cast in bronze, and set up in one of the squares of Munich. His majesty the King of Prussia has granted Professor Rauch leave of absence for two years, during which he is to retain his salary. Another commission, received since that from Munich, is from the city of Frankfort, for a marble bust, larger than the life, of the celebrated Goethe.

In a few days will be published, *Thoughts on the Advancement of Academical Education in England*. Also,

*A Practical Spanish Grammar*, with copious Exercises, rendered so easy as to be intelligible without the aid of an instructor. By S. Whitehead, author of a *Practical Introduction to Latin Grammar*.

Mr. Miers has in the press, *Travels in Chile and La Plata*, including accounts respecting the geography, geology, statistics, government, finances, agriculture, commerce, manners, and customs, and the mining operations in Chile, collected during a residence of several years in those countries, illustrated with maps, views, &c.

*The Melographicon*.—This new musical curiosity, we are assured, strongly excites the attention of amateurs who have a taste for poetry, and are not professors; as, by its aid, without being acquainted with the theory and composition of music, they can adapt appropriate tunes to their own melodies. The author thus describes his invention—'The same endless variety which that ingenious

contrivance, the myriorama, displays in pictorial effect, the melographicon will be found to produce in its combined application to music and poetry, with this difference only, that the melographicon admits of an infinitely greater number of changes.'

*The Enterprise Steam-Packet*.—'We have at length the pleasure to announce the safe arrival of the *Enterprise* steam-vessel, Captain Johnston from Gravesend the 3rd, and Falmouth the 16th of August. This interesting event occurred at an early hour yesterday morning. Signal having been made, soon after daylight, that she was standing into Table Bay, a vast concourse of persons assembled on Green Point, and at other places from whence a view of the bay can be obtained. The wind being light from the southward and westward, the vessel steamed to her anchorage in magnificent style, under a salute from the castle, which was returned by the *Enterprise* lowering and immediately rehoisting her colours, and subsequently, on passing near the shore, by manning her rigging and giving three cheers.

'We cannot but congratulate the public upon this additional triumph of art and science over the elements; for although the voyage has not been accomplished in the short period anticipated, yet we have every reason to suppose that whatever wants or defects may have been discovered will be supplied or remedied in future; and we may confidently hope that this mode of communicating with India will ultimately succeed to the extent of every reasonable expectation.

'We have been favoured with some particulars of the voyage. The greatest distance accomplished in any twenty-four hours was one hundred and ninety miles on the 10th October, performed, not by steaming, but by sailing. The greatest distance in the same time by steaming was one hundred and sixty-nine miles, on the 3rd of September.

'The voyage occupied fifty-seven days, during only thirty five of which the engines were employed; and three days were passed at anchor, at the island of St. Thomas.

'The passengers, we understand, speak in the highest terms of the ability of the commander, the engineers, and the crew of the vessel.'—*Cape Town Gazette*, Oct. 14.

## THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

*Two Roads to Ruin.*—(From the Greek).

He who conceives that he is skill'd in  
The most expensive art of building,  
And he who, opulent and vain,  
Of servants loves a numerous train,  
Will find ere long he is pursuing  
Two inevitable roads to ruin;  
And ere he dies be forc'd to roam,  
Without a servant or a home.

Sheridan was dining one day at Peter Moore's, with his son Tom, who was at that time in a very nervous, debilitated state. The servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, struck down the plate-warmer. This made a deuce of a rattle, and caused Tom Sheridan to start and tremble. Peter Moore, provoked at this, rebuked the servant, and added, 'I suppose you have broken all the plates?'—'No, sir, (said the

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servant) not one.'—'No!' exclaimed Sheridan, 'then d—n it, you have made all the noise for nothing!'—*New Monthly Mag.*

**Military Anecdote.**—In one of our settlements abroad lay a regiment whose men were continually deserting; to stop this, the colonel, instead of the usual night-guard, ordered a sentry to each bastion of the fort. There were fifteen bastions, and at every quarter of an hour, a sentry was to call, commencing with No. 1. This, it was thought, would prevent any future desertion; but the men were Paddies, and made a complete burlesque of it: they would, in all the full strength of the brogue, go on thus. No. 1 sentry would begin:—

All's well at No. 1; No. 2 would answer, All's mighty well at No. 2; No. 3 would say, All's uncommonly well at No. 3—No. 4—All's astonishingly well at No. 4—No. 5—All's particularly well at No. 5—No. 6—All's extraordinarily well at No. 6—No. 7—All's Jasusly well at No. 7—No. 8—All was never so well at No. 8—No. 9—All's thundering well at No. 9—No. 10—All's bravely well at No. 10,

and, in like manner, to the end. It need not be said, that the services of this noisy body were soon dispensed with. S. R. J.

**Naval Anecdote.**—When Captain, now Sir Richard Keats, commanded the *Superb*, he one night, after giving directions for certain sail to be kept on the ship, went below; it was blowing pretty fresh, and the lieutenant forward thought she had too much canvass on her already, but did not presume to say so, thinking, perhaps, of the lines in the *Iliad*:—

'Bold is the task,' &c. &c.

However, Captain K. had not been down long, when crack went the jib-boom! The noise brought him on deck; and, going forward to see what was amiss, he espied the aforementioned luff, walking up and down, and muttering, 'I knew it would go—I knew it would go—I was sure of it!' Captain K., to his surprise, immediately sung out, 'Then, if you knew it would go, why the hell did you not say so?' S. R. J.

**The King and Mr. Sheridan.**—The Prince Regent did not merely offer to bring Sheridan into Parliament, but, about the latter end of 1812, with a view to this object, his royal highness conveyed to him, through Lord Moira, £4,000. The money was deposited by his lordship with Mr. Cocker, the solicitor, who acted as a friend to Mr. Sheridan on this occasion, and a treaty was opened with Mr. Attersol for a seat for Wootton Bassett. The negotiation, indeed, was all but concluded, nothing being wanting but Sheridan's presence on the spot. On three successive evenings, Mr. Cocker dined with Sheridan at a hotel in Albemarle Street, a chaise being on each night waiting at the door to convey them down to Wootton Bassett; on each night Sheridan, after his wine, postponing the journey to the next day, and on the fourth day, he altogether abandoned the project of purchasing a seat in Parliament, received the £4,000, and applied them, as he was warranted to do by the permission of the donor, to his private uses. This transaction certainly

delivers the king from the reproach of never having ministered to the relief of Sheridan—a charge which has been urged against his majesty in numberless smart satires and lampoons.—*Westminster Review.*

The Emperor Alexander left his capital in the autumn of 1820, on a journey into the interior of his empire. Nothing remarkable occurred till he came to the government of Twer, about five hundred wersts (four hundred miles,) from Petersburg. He halted for a night at the town, and took up his abode at a house prepared for him, as is usual in such cases, by the commandant of the place. He had scarcely descended from the carriage, and seated himself, when a respectable inhabitant of the place gained admittance, and, after apologizing for his intrusion, solicited the emperor to remove to his house, where he would have better accommodation. The emperor thanked him for the kindness of his offer, but declined accepting it. His affectionate subject could not be induced to take a denial, and succeeded after much solicitation. With reluctance the emperor consented, and followed the merchant to his house, though quite contrary to his usual custom of avoiding giving trouble to private individuals. After an hour had elapsed, there arrived in the same town a lady of rank, accompanied by her two daughters, and attended by several servants. As there was appearance of rain, they determined to stop the night there, and, on inquiring for lodgings, were conducted to the apartments which the emperor had so recently quitted. They felt proud to put up at a place which their beloved monarch had just occupied. The rain which had threatened soon fell in torrents, and the storm was accompanied with dreadful thunder; and while, probably, they were all congratulating themselves on their escape from the pitiless storm, the lightning struck the house, and it fell immediately; and, awful to relate, the lady, her daughters, and several domestics, perished in the ruins!

The Emperor Alexander, in proceeding from Sedan to Paris, travelled in a *berline de voyage*. A young peasant, who had mistaken his carriage for that of his suit, climbed up behind, at some leagues from the city. The august traveller ordered his carriage to stop, and asked his travelling companion why he mounted behind. "Sir," said he, "I wish to go to Paris to see the Emperor Alexander." "And why do you wish to see the emperor?" "Because," said he, "my parents have told me that he loves Frenchmen; I wish, therefore, to see him for once." "Very well, my good fellow," said Alexander, "you now see him; I am the emperor." The child, in confusion and terror, began to cry, and, after stammering out an excuse, was preparing to descend to pursue his journey on foot. The emperor desired him to remain, saying, "We shall go together." When they arrived at the city, the emperor requested him to call at his hotel. The youth did so. The emperor asked if he wished to go to Russia. "With pleasure," replied the boy. "Well," said he, "since Providence has given you to me, I shall take care of your fortune." The youth went away, on the fol-

lowing day, in the suite of the emperor. A nearly similar adventure occurred to Bonaparte, when passing through Eismach, on his return from Moscow.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 16	51	54	49	29 84	Fair.
.... 17	50	51	49	.. 83	Do.
.... 18	50	54	48	.. 70	Cloudy.
.... 19	49	48	46	.. 43	Fair.
.... 20	46	47	49	.. 47	Do.
.... 21	49	51	50	.. 57	Do.
.... 22	49	48	43	.. 66	Do.

**TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS**  
To Observator: the decease of the scientific gentleman who supplied the information has occasioned new arrangements.

C. Corral's remarks upon his edition of Shakspeare is an advertisement.

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**RIVINGTONS' ANNUAL REGISTER**, for the Year 1824, is published this day, in one large volume 8vo. price 18s. in boards.

The slight delay beyond the usual period which has taken place in the publication of this volume, has been directly and exclusively occasioned by the necessity which there was of awaiting the arrival of certain papers considered to possess much historical importance, and some of which it is believed the English Reader will find for the first time in the collection of documents at the end of the volume.

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